

AMIENS CATHEDRAL.

FROM THE AMERICAN IN EUROPE.

AMIENS has a noble cathedral, which holds one of the first places amongst the Gothic structures of France. It was erected in 1220, and, by a peculiarity in the stone, the flight of the 126 delicate shafts that support an immense vault, or the eccentricity of the builders, these shafts

have the peculiarity of giving forth a tone when touched or struck; one, called *le pelier sonore*, startles by the intensity of its prolonged and grave harmony, as though it were the string of some enormous harp.

THE TWO ANGELS.

BY PROFESSOR LONGFELLOW.

Two angels, one of Life and one of Death,
Passed o'er the village as the morning broke;
The dawn was on their faces, and beneath,
The sombre houses hearsed with plumes of smoke.

Their attitude and aspect were the same,
Alike their features and their robes of white;
But one was crowned with amaranth, as with flame,
And one with asphodels, like flakes of light.

I saw them pause on their celestial way;
Then said I, with deep fear and doubt oppressed:

"Beat not so loud, my heart, lest thou betray
The place where thy beloved are at rest!"

And he, who wore the crown of asphodels,
Descending, at my door began to knock,
And my soul sank within me, as in wells
The waters sink before an earthquake's shock.

I recognized the nameless agony,
The terror and the tremor and the pain,
That oft before had filled and haunted me,
And now returned with threefold strength again.

The door I opened to my heavenly guest,
And listened, for I thought I heard God's voice;

And knowing whatso'er He sent was best,
Dared neither to lament nor to rejoice.

Then with a smile, that filled the house with light,

"My errand is not Death, but Life," he said;
And ere I answered, passing out of sight
On his celestial embassy he sped.

'T was at thy door, O friend! and not at mine,
The angel with the amaranthine wreath,
Fausing descended, and with voice divine,
Whispered a word that had a sound like Death.
Then fell upon the house a sudden gloom,

A shadow on those features fair and thin;
And softly, from that hushed and darkened room,
Two angels issued, where but one went in.

All is of God! If He but wave his hand
The mists collect, the rain falls thick and loud,
Till with a smile of light on sea and land,
Lo! He looks back from the departing cloud.

Angels of Life and Death alike are his;
Without his leave they pass no threshold o'er;
Who, then, would wish or dare, believing this,
Against his messengers to shut the door?

Bentley's Miscellany.

UNDER MY WINDOW.

UNDER my window, under my window,
All in the Midsummer weather,
Three little girls, with fluttering curls,
Flit to and fro together:—
There's Bell, with her bonnet of satin sheen,
And Maud, with her mantle of silver-green,
And Kate, with the scarlet feather.

Under my window, under my window,
Leaning stealthily over,
Merry and clear, the voice I hear,
Of each glad-hearted rover.
Ah! sly little Kate, she steals my roses,
And Maud and Bell twine wreaths and posies,
As busy as bees in clover.

Under my window, under my window,
In the blue Midsummer weather,
Stealing slow, on a hushed tip-toe,
I catch them all together:—
Bell, with her bonnet of satin sheen,
And Maud, with her mantle of silver-green,
And Kate, with the scarlet feather.

Under my window, under my window,
And off, through the orchard closes;
While Maud, she flouts, and Bell, she pouts,
They scamper and drop their posies;
But dear little Kate takes naught amiss,
And leaps in my arms with a loving kiss,
And I give her all my roses.
Athenaeum. T. WESTWOOD.

LECTURES ON THE GREAT NOVELISTS.

AN interesting course of lectures by Mr. Cowden Clarke, at the London Institution, on "four of the Great European Novelists," was brought to a close on Monday. The authors selected were Boccaccio, Cervantes, Lesage, and Richardson; but it is to the last of the four that our notice must be confined.

Richardson, said the lecturer, leaves nothing to the imagination. Every detail of every incident is given: but this detail is always relevant. There is no digression, no episode even. The plots are at once simple and intricate. The elaborate indices appended to "Clarissa" and "Grandison" show the gravity with which Richardson regarded his productions. He wrote in perfect good faith; he never trifles with his subject; his matter seems real and momentous to himself, and becomes so to his reader. Of the latter fact, indeed, the lecturer gave proof positive by the earnest conviction with which he discussed and sympathized with the fortunes of Clarissa. Of the character of Lovelace he delivered an elaborate précis; as also of Grandison, that hero of "the malice prepense of goodness"—of Miss Byron, whose mind, like the minds of more than one of the heroines, "is always in full dress"—of Clementina, and of Clarissa. The knowledge of women displayed by Richardson is most subtle. His finished portraiture reaches the subordinate no less than the principal characters. His morality is very high: he inculcates the great truth that men must look into themselves for the paramount arbitration of their fate—on their own goodness or depravity for their happiness or wretchedness. In this respect he is the extreme opposite of Lesage. Richardson's wit and his pathos were then touched on; the former less convincingly than the latter. He is an author who never appears in his books, and yet he is incarnate in them. These you may admire deeply, or dislike altogether: you cannot read them with indifference. Lamb and Hazlitt were two of his greatest admirers; "and very delightful it was," said Mr. Clarke, with the freshness of personal knowledge, "to hear them talk of him."

The question suggests itself, how far Richardson, an author whom the novel-readers of the day may think comparatively oldfashioned, and who is more talked of than read, may be suitable as the theme of a lecture to a mixed audience. Boccaccio is a great name, and the root of the tree of modern fiction: Cervantes and Lesage are thoroughly popular: Richardson is distinguished rather than cherished. Mr. Clarke retained the attention of his audience throughout. He roused it into lively and even eager interest, where, as in the pictures he drew of Lovelace and Grandison, his own graphic touches presented a striking figure, and his power in describing what his author had described demonstrated the admirable truth of that, or stood by its own strength: but, where lively delineation gave place to critical statement, as it necessarily did towards the end, the hearers cooled in proportion to their coolness to Richardson himself. The function of a critical lecture, however, is not merely to find an audience of the same opi-

nion as the speaker, but to incite them to become so.—*Spectator*.

A HISTORY OF ENGLAND, IN RHYME, FROM THE CONQUEST TO THE RESTORATION.—FROM which rejected burlesque or unperformed opera have been drawn the materials for this work its author does not explain to us:—his song having no symphony or preface. It is meant, we presume, principally to be jingled—after the fashion of coral and bells—in the ears of "the hope of England, from three years and downwards,"—and there is not a page at which we could open the book without coming upon some chord or modulation, so much in the style of "Goosey Gander" as to take us back into Babyland, where the kings are made of elecampane and the queens of gingerbread. Listen, by way of specimen, to some of the rhymes devoted to our royal Bluebeard.—

King Henry had,
As it appears,
With Cath'rine liv'd
For eighteen years.

* * *
A Queen she was
Of modest mind,
Whose temper was
Most sweet and kind.

The King, how'er,
At court had seen
A beauty, nam'd
Anna Boleyn,

And had for her
Such fancy ta'en,
On Cath'rine he'd
Not look again.

But Anna he
Would have for wife,
Howe'er it might
Occasion strife.

While thoughts like these
Torment his brain,
Their utterance
He can't restrain.

"Ah, Kate, of you
"I don't complain;
"But that sweet girl
"I must obtain.

"My wish, indeed,
"I must fulfil,
"For wed that girl
"I must and will."

Athenæum.

CURIOUS TENDER.—"If any young clergyman, somewhat agreeable in person, and who has a small fortune independent, can be well recommended as to strictness of morals and good temper, firmly attached to the present happy establishment, and is willing to engage in the matrimonial estate with an agreeable young lady in whose power it is immediately to bestow a living of nearly £100 per annum, in a very pleasant situation, with a good prospect of preferment,—any person whom this may suit may leave a line at the bar of the Union Coffee House in the Strand, directed to Z. Z., within three days of this advertisement. The utmost secrecy and honor may be depended upon."—*London Chronicle*, March, 1758.

FLY-TAKERS OF CAPE COLONY.—A large wisp of straw is dipped in milk and hung by a string to the beams of the roof; when this is covered with flies they come with a large bag slowly under the straw, and getting it in to a certain depth, shake it so that the flies are shaken to the bottom of the bag. In this manner they sometimes take as many as a bushel of flies a day.—*Lichtenstein*.

TOPSY TURVY.—I have always understood this to be a corruption of "Upside t'other way."
Notes and Queries.

From Chambers's Repository.

CHRISTIAN SLAVERY IN BARBARY.

WE find in the records of the remotest antiquity, slavery mentioned as an established system as quite a common usage. Abraham had "318 servants born in his own house;" and thousands of children have wept when they heard how Joseph was sold by his unnatural brethren. That it is an "institution" adapted to a rude state of society only, is satisfactorily proved by its complete extinction in almost all the more highly civilized and refined communities of the earth; and also by its origin being clearly traceable to the lowest conditions of savage life. Women, being the weaker, were undoubtedly the first slaves. The uncivilized man of the present day follows the chase or sallies forth upon the war-path, all labor and drudgery falling to the lot of his female partner. The mere savage hunter of antiquity compelled, by scarcity of game and other circumstances, to tame and rear cattle for their flesh and skins, required more assistance than his wife could afford, and, consequently, the life of the enemy, vanquished in war, was spared on condition of being the conqueror's slave. The wife then became an overlooker, and woman was raised the first step in the social scale. Agriculture, requiring more labor still, was next discovered and practised; slaves became articles of value and merchandise; and the victorious warrior, instead of slaying his prisoners, sacrificing them to hideous heathen deities, or eating them, as he had formerly done, found it more advantageous to adopt the less cruel alternative of selling them. Thus we see that the horrible system of slavery, the offspring of brute force and barbarism, was, nevertheless, a forward step in the world's march to civilization. So, as toil and suffering is the ordeal which mankind individually and nationally must pass through before their highest state of progress can be achieved, we may confidently cheer ourselves with the hope, that the last remnant of slavery still existing in Christian lands, and now writhing in its death-pangs, will be the means of raising a degraded race to their proper position among the people of the earth.

The ancient Greeks, puffed with the pride of their superficial refinement, deemed all the rest of the world barbarians, and only fit to be their slaves. The haughty republican Roman, selfish and intolerant, demanding unlimited and aggressive privileges for himself as a citizen, was a brutal master to his bondsmen. Under the Empire, the number of slaves increased so much by wealth and conquest, that the poorer class of freemen were glad to secure a subsistence by working on the estates of the great landowners, to which they

and their families became bound under the name of *adscripti*; and thus arose that mitigated system of slavery known as *serfdom*, which prevailed during the middle ages, and which, in some of the northern parts of Europe, is not yet abolished. War and conquest, however, were always the great sources of slavery. England, overrun by Romans, Saxons, Norwegians, and Normans, was long a country of slaves and slave-dealers. To the circumstance of English captives being exposed for sale in the market of Rome, we are indebted for the first gleam of the light of Gospel truth. The Anglo-Saxons held a great slave-mart at Bristol, where they sold large numbers of slaves to the Irish traders. Wols-ton, Bishop of Worcester, who died in 1095, went year after year to Bristol and preached against the odious traffic; and his zeal was crowned with success, for many of the leading merchants discontinued it. In the canons of a council held at London in 1102, it is written:—"Let no one from henceforth presume to carry on that wicked traffic, by which men in England have hitherto been sold like brute beasts." Still, however, to a very late period prisoners taken in war were considered to be the property of their captors: the rich were held to ransom, and the poor condemned to slavery.

Another prolific source of slavery was religious difference—it being long understood that any person who had the power, had also the right to enslave any other person professing a different faith. The Laws of Oleron, the maritime code of the middle ages, described infidels who did not receive the Christian faith, as "dogs to be attacked, despoiled, and enslaved by all true believers." The Venetians long carried on a prosperous trade in Slavonian infidel slaves from the shores of the Adriatic, and they honestly, as the word was then understood, bought and paid for them. But it was reserved for chivalry—Christian chivalry *par excellence*—to commence that hideous system of piracy and slavery, which so long stained with blood and tears the blue waters of the Mediterranean.

The ecclesiastical order of Hospitallers of St. John of Jerusalem—originally instituted for the purpose of sheltering and relieving sick pilgrims to the Holy Temple—assumed in course of time a military character and organization, becoming a rich and powerful body of monastic warriors. When the Christian powers were driven from Palestine, the Knights Hospitallers took possession of Rhodes, and a few other smaller islands in the group so well known in ancient history as the Sporades. Shut up in these islands, yet bound by their vows to wage perpetual war against all infidels, the knights became a considerable naval power, and pursued a continual system of piracy upon their Mohammedan neighbors.

All their prisoners were unconditionally doomed to life-long slavery. Manacled to the oars, they rowed the galleys of their knightly captors, who impiously used to boast, that they cared not how the winds of heaven blew, as they carried their own winds in the sinews of their slaves. Four times did the plundered Ottomans unsuccessfully endeavor to expel the priestly pirates from their stronghold. At last Solyman the Magnificent beleaguered Rhodes with an immense fleet and army, and summoned the knights to surrender in the following words:—"The constant robberies with which you molest our faithful subjects, oblige us to require you to deliver up to us the island and fortress of Rhodes." The summons was treated with scorn; a series of sanguinary battles ensued; and ultimately, after performing prodigies of valor, the order was almost annihilated, and their feeble remnant expelled from Rhodes. After some years' wandering in various parts of Europe, they received the island of Malta from Charles V. Recruiting their numbers, they established themselves on that almost impregnable rock, and pursued their former system of piracy with greater vigor than ever. Al Makbari, an Arabic writer, speaks of Malta in language similar to that which, no doubt, our ancestors have used respecting Algiers. He terms it, "that accursed island, from the neighborhood of which whoever escapes may well say that he has deserved favor; that dreaded spot which throws its deadly shades on the pleasant waters; that den of iniquity; that place of ambush, which is like a net to ensnare all Moslems who sail the sea."

Barbary is the general and somewhat vague denomination adopted by Europeans to designate that part of the northern coast of Africa which, bounded on the south by the desert of Sahara, is comprised between the frontiers of Egypt on the Mediterranean, and Cape Nun, the western spur of the lofty Atlas range, on the Atlantic. Imperfectly known even at the present day, in ancient legend it was peculiarly the land of mystery and fable. It was there the Grecian poets, giving their airy nothings a local habitation and a name, placed the site of the delightful gardens of the Hesperides, whose trees bore apples of the purest gold; there dwelt the terrible Gorgon, whose snaky tresses turned all living things into stone; there the invincible Hercules wrestled and overthrew mighty Antæus; there the weary Atlas supported the ponderous arch of heaven on his stalwart shoulders. Almost as mythical and mysterious is the little we know of the Phœnicians, the greatest maritime people of antiquity, who planted their most powerful colony, the proud city of Carthage, on these fertile shores of Northern Africa. Of the Carthaginians, we can glean

a little from the Greek and Roman historians. We know that in turn becoming the rulers of the seas, they explored and founded colonies and trading-depôts in what were at that time the most distant regions; extending their commercial relations from the tropical banks of the Niger to the frost-bound beach of the Baltic. A powerful people ere Rome was built, they long enjoyed their supremacy; at last, the thirst of territorial conquest brought the two great nations into rivalry, and the rich temples of Carthage fell a prey to the legions of Scipio. For a short period after the destruction of Carthage, the energetic subtlety of Jugurtha prevented the conquerors from extending their dominion; but in a few years, the whole coast, as far as the waves of the Atlantic, became a Roman province. It remained so till about the year 428 of the Christian era, in the reign of the Emperor Honorius, when Genseric, king of the Vandals, crossed over to Africa, conquered the Roman territory, and founded a dynasty which reigned for about 100 years. The Greek emperor Justinian then sent Belisarius to reconquer the country; he defeated the Vandals, made their king prisoner, and added Northern Africa to the Greek Empire.

History presents us with a series of conquering races, following each other as the waves upon the sea-beach, each washing away the impression made upon the sand by its forerunner, and each leaving a fresh impression to be washed out by its successor. The irruption of the Saracens followed hard upon the conquering footsteps of Belisarius. Swarm after swarm of the Arabs came up out of Egypt, till Northern Africa was under the rule of the caliphs, excepting a small part of the sea-coast held by the Spanish Goths. They at last were driven out by Musa, about the year 710; and then Tarik, Musa's lieutenant, crossing the narrow straits, carried the war into Europe, defeated Roderick, the last Gothic king, and laid the foundation of Arab dominion in Spain. The ruthless spirit of religious fanaticism which inspired the followers of Mohammed, destroyed everything it could not change. Romans, Vandals, Greeks, Goths, their laws, literature, and religions, all have disappeared in Northern Africa; the recollection of the most powerful of them is only preserved in the word *Romi*—a term of reproach to the Christians of all nations. Of their more material works, the learned antiquary still finds some traces of Roman edifices, and the remains of a sewer are supposed to indicate the site of Carthage. The warlike enthusiasm of the Saracens was better adapted for making conquests than for preserving them. The great distance from the seat of empire, the revolutions caused by rival houses contending for the caliphate, the ambitious

projects of the viceroys inclining them to league with native chiefs, led to a dissolution of the Arabian power in Northern Africa. Consequently, when the dawn of modern history begins to throw a clearer light upon the scene, we find the territory divided into a number of petty sovereignties.

The Saracens in Africa intermixing with the barbarous native tribes, never reached the high position in the arts of peace and civilization attained by their brethren, the conquerors of Spain. The devastating instinct of Islamism seems to have yielded to a more benign influence, as soon as it entered Europe. When Spain was thoroughly subdued, the natives were permitted, with but few restrictions, the full enjoyment of their own laws and religion; and the Arabs, enjoying almost peaceable possession for nearly three centuries after the conquest, devoted their fiery energies to the acquisition of knowledge. Enriched by a fertile soil and prosperous commerce, they blended the acquirements and refinements of intellectual culture with Arabian luxury and magnificence; the palaces of their princes were radiant with splendor, their colleges famous for learning, their libraries overflowing with books, their agricultural and manufacturing processes conducted with scientific accuracy, when all the rest of Europe was buried in midnight barbarism. To those halcyon days of comparative peace succeeded four centuries of bitter conflict between the invaders and the invaded, exhibiting one of the grandest romances of military history on record. It was long doubtful on which side the honors of victory would descend. At last, the ardor and audacity of the Mussulman succumbed to the patriotic courage of the Christian, and the reluctant Moor was compelled to abandon the lovely region he had rendered classical by the exercise of his peculiar taste and genius.

Immediately after the fall of Granada, in 1492, about 100,000 Spanish Moors passed over into Africa with their unfortunate king Bobadil. Some ruined and deserted cities on the sea-coast, the remains of Carthaginian and Roman power and enterprize, were allotted to the exiles; for, though of the same religion, and almost of the same race and language as the people they sought refuge amongst, yet they were strangers in a strange land; the African Moors termed them *Tigarians* (Andalusians); they dwelt and intermarried together, and were long known to Europeans, in the *lingua franca* of the Mediterranean, by the appellation of Moriscos. At the period of this forced migration, the Barbary Moors knew nothing of navigation; what little commerce they had was carried on by the ships of Cadiz, Genoa, and Ragusa. But the Moriscos, confined to the sea-coast, and debarred from agriculture,

had no sooner rendered the ancient ruins habitable, than they turned their attention to naval affairs. Building row-boats, carrying from fourteen to twenty-six oars, they boldly put to sea, and incited by feelings of the deadliest enmity, revenged themselves on the hated Spaniard, at the same time that they plundered for a livelihood. Crossing the narrow channel which separates the two continents, and lying off out of sight of the Spanish coast during the day, they landed at night—not as strangers, but on the shores of their native land, where every bay and creek, every path and pass, every village and homestead, were as well known to them as to the Christian Spaniard. In the morning, mangled bodies and burning houses testified that the Moriscos had been there; while all portable plunder, every captured Christian not too old or too young to be a slave, was in the row-boat speeding swiftly to the African coast. The harassed Spaniards kept watch and ward, winter and summer, from sunrise to sunset, and sometimes succeeded in cutting off small parties of the piratical invaders; yet such was the audacity of the Moriscos, and so well were their incursions planned, that frequently they plundered villages miles in the interior. Then ensued the hasty flight and hot pursuit; the freebooters retreating to the boats, driving before them, at the lance's point, unfortunate captives, laden with the plunder of their own dwellings; the pursuers, horse and foot, following into the very water, and firing on the retiring row-boats till their long oars swept them out of gunshot. The Barbary Moors soon joined the Moriscos in those exciting and profitable adventures; and thus originated the atrocious practice, which being subsequently recognized in treaties made by the various European powers, became, according to the laws of nations, a legally organized system of Christian slavery.

In 1509, Ferdinand and the Catholic, anxious to stop the Morisco depredations on the Spanish coast, sent a considerable force, under the celebrated Cardinal Ximenes, to invade Barbary. During this expedition, the Spaniards released 300 captives, and took possession of Oran and a few other unimportant places on the coast. One of those was a small island, about a mile from the main, lying exactly opposite the town since known as Algiers, but previously so little recognized by history, that it is not certain when it received the name. In all probability, it acquired the high-sounding appellation of *Al Ghezire* (The Invincible) at a subsequent period. Carefully fortifying this insulated rock, the Spaniards, by the superiority of their artillery, held possession of it for several years, as a sort of outpost, and a curb upon the piratical tendencies of the native powers.

One of these extraordinary adventurers,

who, rising from nothing, carve out kingdoms for themselves with the edge of their sabres, and gleaming at intervals on an astonished world, vanish into utter darkness, like comets in their erratic orbits, appeared at this time, and changed the destinies of the greater part of Northern Africa. The son of a poor Greek potter, in the island of Mitylene, worked with his father till a younger brother was able to take his place in assisting to support the family; then, going on board a Turkish war-vessel, he signified his desire to become a Mussulman, and enter the service. His offer was accepted; he received the Turkish name of Aroudje—his previous appellation is unknown—and in a short time his fierce intrepidity and nautical skill raised him to the command of a vessel belonging to the sultan. Intrusted with a considerable sum of money, to pay the Turkish garrisons in the Morea, he sailed from Constantinople, and having passed the Dardanelles, he mustered his crew, and declared his intentions of renouncing allegiance to the Porte. He told them that, if they would stand by him, he would lead them to the western waters of the Mediterranean, where prizes of all nations might be captured in abundance, where there were no knights of Rhodes to contend against, and where they would be completely out of the power of the sultan. A project so much in unison with the predilections of the rude crew was received with enthusiastic acclamations of assent. Aroudje then steered for his native island of Mitylene, where he landed, and gave a large sum of money to his mother and sisters; and being joined by his brother, who, becoming a Mohammedan, assumed the name of Hayraddin, he weighed anchor, and turned his prow to the westward. Arriving off the island of Elba, he fell in with two portly argosies under papal colors. Piracy in these western seas having previously been carried on in the Morisco row-boats only, the Christians were not alarmed, but believing Aroudje to be an honest trader, permitted him to run alongside, as he seemed to wish to communicate some information. They were quickly undeceived. Boarding the nearest one, he immediately took possession of her, and then dressing his men in the clothes of the captured crew, he bore down upon her unsuspecting consort. She was captured also, with scarcely a blow: and Aroudje found himself in possession of two ships, each much larger than his own, with cargoes of great value, and some hundreds of prisoners. The fame of this bold action resounded from the southern shores of Europe to the opposite coast of Africa. Such captives as were ransomed, when describing the appearance of Aroudje, did not fail to recount the ferocious aspect of his huge red beard, so unusual an appendage to a native of the south, and thus he obtained the name of Bar-

barossa (Redbeard), so long the terror of the Mediterranean. Taking his prizes to Tunis, one of the small states that had once been part of the great Saracen empire in Barbary, Aroudje was well received by the king, who allowed him to use the island and fort of Goleta as a naval depôt, on condition of paying a certain percentage on all prizes. Adding daily to his wealth and fleet, the daring sea-rover had no lack of followers: Turkish and Moorish adventurers eagerly enrolled themselves under his fortunate banner.

The precarious position of the petty Barbary States, threatened by the Berbers and Bedouins of the interior on the land-side, and menaced by the Spaniards on the sea-board, was highly favorable to the ambitious aspirations of the potter's son. The district of Jijil being attacked by famine, he seized the cornships of Sicily, and distributed the grain freely and without price among the starving inhabitants, who gratefully proclaimed him their king; and in a few years his army equalled in magnitude his still increasing fleet. The fort built by the Spaniards on the island off Algiers was a great annoyance to Eutemi, the Moorish king of that little state. Unwisely, he applied to Barbarossa for aid to evict the Spaniard, and eagerly was the request granted. With 5,000 men, the pirate chief marched to Algiers, where the people hailed him as a deliverer; Eutemi was murdered, and Aroudje proclaimed king. The throne thus usurped by audacity, he established by policy: profusely liberal to his friends, ferociously cruel to his enemies, he was loved and dreaded by all his subjects. His reign, however, was short, being defeated and killed in battle by the Spaniards, only two years after he ascended the throne. In such estimation was this victory held, that the head, shirt of mail, and gold-embroidered vest of the slain warrior were carried on a lance, in triumphant procession, through the principal cities of Spain, and then deposited as sacred trophies in the church of St. Jerome at Cordova. Hayraddin, who is styled by the old historians Barbarossa II., succeeded his brother, but, feeling his position insecure, he tendered the sovereignty of Algiers to the Grand Seigneur, on condition of being appointed viceroy and receiving a contingent of troops. Sultan Selim, gladly accepting the offer, sent a firman creating Hayraddin pacha, and a force of 2,000 janizaries. From that period, the Ottoman supremacy over the Moorish and Morisco inhabitants of Algiers was firmly established.

Piracy upon all Christian nations was still vigorously carried on from Tunis and other ports of Barbary; but the harbor of Algiers being commanded by the island-fort in possession of the Spaniards, was deprived of that nefarious source of wealth. This island was long the "Castle Dangerous" of the Spanish

service; nor was it till 1530 that, betrayed by a discontented soldier, it fell into the hands of Hayraddin. Don Martin, the Spanish governor, who had long and nobly defended the isolated rock, was brought a wounded captive before the truculent pacha. "I respect you," said Hayraddin, "as a brave man and a good soldier. Whatever favor you may ask of me I will grant, on condition that you will accede to whatever I may request."

"Agreed," replied Don Martin. "Cut off the head of the base Spaniard who betrayed his countrymen."

The wretch was immediately brought in, and decapitated on the spot.

"Now," rejoined Hayraddin, "my request is, that you become a Mussulman, and take command of my army."

"Never!" exclaimed the chivalrous Don Martin; and immediately, at a signal from the enraged pacha, a dozen yataghans leaped from their sheaths, and the faithful Christian was cut to pieces on the floor of the presence-chamber.

The island, so long a source of danger and annoyance to the Algerines, was now made their safest defence, Hayraddin conceiving the bold idea of uniting it to the mainland by a mole and breakwater. This really great undertaking, which still evinces the engineering and mechanical skill of its promoters, was the work of thousands of wretched Christian slaves, who labored at it incessantly for three years before it was completed. Thus the Algerines obtained a commodious harbor for their shipping, secure against all storms, and at that time impregnable to all enemies.

In 1532, the people of Tunis rebelling, deposed their king, and invited the willing Hayraddin to become their ruler. With this increase of power, his boldness increased also. Out of his many daring exploits at this period, we need mention only one: Hearing that Julian Gonzago, the wife of Vespasian Colonna, Count of Fondi, was the most beautiful woman in Europe, Hayraddin made a descent in the night on the town of Fondi; scaling the walls, the fierce Moslems plundered the town and carried off numbers of the inhabitants into slavery. Fortunately, the countess escaped to the fields in her night-dress, and thus evaded the clutches of the pirate, who, to revenge his disappointment, ravaged the whole Neapolitan coast before he returned to Tunis.

The eyes of all Europe were now turned imploringly to the only power considered capable of contending with this "monstrous scourge of Christendom." The emperor Charles V. eagerly responded to the appeal, and summoned forth the united strength of his vast dominions to equip the most powerful armada that had ever ploughed the waves of the Mediterranean: the Low Countries, Spain,

Italy, Portugal, and Genoa, furnished their bravest veterans and best appointed ships; the Knights of St. John supplied a few vessels, small, yet formidable from the well-known valor of the chevaliers who served in them; the pope contributed his blessing; and the immense armament, inspired with all the enthusiasm of the Crusades, but directed to a more rational and legitimate object, rendezvoused at Cagliari—a convenient harbor in Sardinia.

Hayraddin, aware of the object and destination of this vast armament, energetically prepared to give it a suitable reception. Night and day the miserable Christian slaves, riveting their own fetters, were employed in erecting new, and strengthening old fortifications; and as a last resource, in case of defeat, the shrewd pacha sent eighteen sail of his best ships to Bona. In July, 1537, the emperor's fleet was descried from the towers of Tunis; and Hayraddin made the last dispositions for defence by placing his treasure, seraglio, and slaves in the citadel, under a strong guard, with the intention of retreating thither if the city and port were taken.

Charles, after landing his troops, commenced a simultaneous attack by land and sea. Hayraddin, with much inferior force, yet greater advantage of position, conducted the defence with skill and determination. But in the heat of the conflict, the Christian slaves, distracted with suspense, and excited to phrenzy by the thunder of the cannonade, burst their bonds, overpowered their guards, and turned the guns of the citadel upon their Moslem masters. Hayraddin, then seeing that the day was irrecoverably lost, fled with the remnant of his army to the ships at Bona. Charles reinstated the deposed king of Tunis as his vassal, and on condition that for the future, all Christians brought as captives to Tunis should be liberated without ransom. With 20,000 Christians released from slavery by the power of his arms—the noblest trophy conqueror ever bore—Charles returned in triumph to Europe. Not only did he restore these unfortunate captives to liberty, but he furnished all of them with suitable apparel and the means of returning to their respective countries. Such munificence spread the fame of Charles over all the world; for though it entailed on him immense expense, he had personally gained nothing by the conquest of Tunis: disinterestedly he had fought for the honor of the Christian name, for Christian security and welfare. Yet we regret to have to add one fact, highly characteristic of the age: when Charles left Africa, he also carried off 10,000 Mohammedans to be slaves for life, chained to the oars in the galleys of Spain, Italy, and Malta.

We must now return to Hayraddin, the second Barbarossa, whom we left in full retreat to Bona, where he had sagaciously sent his

ships to be out of harm's way at Tunis. As soon as he arrived at Bona, he embarked his men and put to sea.

"Let us go to the Levant," said his officers, "and beg assistance from the sultan."

"To the Levant, did you say?" exclaimed the incensed pirate. "Am I a man to show my back?" Must I fly for refuge to Constantinople? Depend upon it, I am far more likely to attack the emperor's dominions in Flanders. Cease your prating; follow me and obey orders." Steering for Minorca, he soon appeared off the well fortified harbor of Port Mahon. The incautious Minorcans, believing the pirates utterly exterminated, and that the gallant fleet entering their harbor was returning from the conquest of Tunis, ran to the port to greet and welcome the supposed victors. Not a gun was loaded, not a battery manned, when Hayraddin, swooping like an eagle on its prey, sacked the town, carried off an immense booty in money and military stores, and with 6,000 captive Minorcans, returned in triumph to Algiers. This was his last exploit that falls within our province to relate. Earnestly solicited by the sultan, he relinquished the pachalic to take supreme command of the Ottoman fleet. After a life spent in stratagem and war, he died at an advanced age; and still along the Christian shores of the Mediterranean, mothers frighten their unruly children with the name of Barbarossa.

Hassan Aga, a Sardinian renegade, was next appointed to the vice-royalty. A corsair from his youth, he was well fitted for the office, and during his rule the piratical depredations increased in number and audacity. The continuous line of watch-towers that engirdle the southern coast of Spain, and have so picturesque an effect at the present day, were built as a defence against Hassan's cruisers. Once more all Europe turned to the emperor Charles for relief and protection. Pope Paul III. wrote a letter, imploring him to "reduce Algiers, which, since the conquest of Tunis, has been the common receptacle of all the freebooters, and to exterminate that lawless race, the implacable enemies of the Christian faith." Moved by such entreaties, and thirsting for glory, Charles equipped a fleet equal in magnitude to that with which he had conquered Tunis. A navy of 500 ships, an army of 27,000 picked men, and 150 Knights of Malta, with noblemen and gentlemen volunteers of all nations, many of them English, sailed on this great expedition. To oppose such a powerful force, Hassan had only 800 Turks and 5,000 Moors and Moriscos. On arriving at Algiers, Charles summoned the pacha to surrender, but received a most contemptuous reply. The troops were immediately disembarked, though with great difficulty, owing to stormy weather; and the increasing gale cutting off communica-

tion with the fleet, before sufficient stores and camp equipage could be landed, Charles and his army were left with scanty provision, and exposed to torrents of rain. A night passed in this miserable condition. The next day, the tempest increased. The next night, the troops, exhausted by want of food and exposure to the elements, were unable to lie down, the ground being knee-deep in mud. Hassan was too vigilant a warrior not to take advantage of this state of affairs. Before daybreak, on the second morning, with a strong body of horse and foot, he sallied out upon the Christian camp. Weak from hunger and want of rest, benumbed by exposure to the cold and rain, their powder wet and their matches extinguished, the advanced division of Charles's army were easily defeated by Hassan's fresh and vigorous troops. The main body advanced to the rescue; and, after a sharp contest, Hassan's small detachment was repulsed and driven back into the city. The Knights of Malta, among whom a chivalrous emulation existed with respect to which of them would first stick his dagger in the gate of Algiers, rashly following the retreating Hassan, led the army up to the city, where they were mowed down in hundreds by the fire from the walls. Retreating in confusion from this false position, they were again charged by Hassan's impetuous cavalry; and the Knights of Malta, to save the whole army from destruction, drew up in a body to cover the rear. Conspicuous by their scarlet upper garments, embroidered with a white cross, they served for a short time as a rallying-point; but it was not till Charles, armed with sword and buckler, joined his troops, and stimulated them to fresh exertions by fighting in their ranks, that the Algerines were compelled to return to their strongholds. In this desperate conflict, the Knights of Malta were nearly all killed. Only one of them, Ponce de Salignac, the standard-bearer, had reached and stuck his dagger in the gate; but, pierced with innumerable wounds, he did not live to enjoy the honor of the foolhardy feat. Another night of tempest and privation followed this discouraging battle; hundreds of the debilitated troops were blown down by the violence of the wind, and smothered in the mud. When the day broke, Charles saw 200 of his war-ships and transports, containing 8,000 men, driven on shore, and such of their crews as were not swallowed up by the waves, led off into captivity by the exulting enemy. The rest of the fleet sought shelter under a headland four miles off, and thither Charles followed them; but his famished troops, continually harassed by the enemy, were two days in retreating that short distance. With great difficulty Charles, and a small remnant of his once powerful army, reached the ships, and made sail from the inhospitable coast. So

many captives were taken, and such was their enfeebled condition, that numbers were sold by the captors for an onion each. "Do you remember the day when your countryman was sold for an onion?" was for years afterwards a favorite taunt of the Algerine to the Spaniard. Enriched with slaves, valuable military and naval stores, treasure, horses, costly trappings—all brought to their own doors—the pride of the Algerines knew no bounds; and they sneeringly said that Charles brought them this immense plunder to save them the trouble of going to fetch it. Hassan generously refused to take any part of the spoil, saying that the honor of defeating the most powerful of Christian princes, was quite sufficient for his share.

After this great victory, the Algerines, confident of the impregnability of their city, turned their attention to increasing their power on sea. The vessels hitherto used for warlike purposes in the Mediterranean were galleys, principally propelled by oars rowed by slaves; and in quickness of manœuvre and capability of being propelled during a calm, were somewhat analogous to the steam-boat of the present day, and had a decided advantage over the less easily managed sailing vessels. Not constructed to mount heavy ordnance, the system of naval tactics adopted in the galleys was to close with the enemy, whenever eligible, and then the battle was fought with small-arms—arrows, and even stones, being used as weapons of attack and defence. The Algerines, however, laboring in their vocation, as Falstaff would have said, captured many large ships of Northern Europe, built for long voyages and to contend with stormy seas. Equipping these with cannon, they were enabled to destroy the galleys before the latter could close with them; and thus introducing a new system of naval warfare, they gained a complete ascendancy in the waters of the Mediterranean. Nor did they long confine their depredations to that sea. In 1574, an Algerine fleet surprised the tunny fishery of the Duke of Medina, near Cadiz, and captured 200 slaves; but one of the piratical vessels running ashore, a large number were retaken by their countrymen. In 1585, Morat, a celebrated corsair, landed at night on Lancelote, one of the Canary Islands, and carried off a large booty, with 300 prisoners; among whom were the wife, mother, and daughter of the Spanish governor. Standing out to sea the next morning, until out of gun-range, the pirate hove-to, and shewing a flag of truce, treated for the ransom of his captives; and afterwards, eluding by seamanship and cunning a Spanish fleet waiting to intercept him at the mouth of the Straits, exultingly returned to Algiers. In the following century, pushing their piracies still further, the English Channel became one of their regular cruis-

ing-grounds. In 1631, the town of Baltimore, in Ireland, was plundered by Morat Rais, a Flemish renegade, and 237 men, women, and children, "even to the babe in the cradle," carried off into captivity. Aware of the strong family affections of the Irish, we can well believe Pierre Dan, a Redemptionist monk, who saw those poor creatures in Algiers. He says: "It was one of the most pitiable of sights to see them exposed for sale. There was not a Christian in Algiers who did not shed tears at the lamentations of these captives in the slave-market, when husband and wife, mother and child, were separated.* Is it not," indignantly adds the worthy father, "making the Almighty a bankrupt, to sell His most precious property in this cruel manner?" About the same time, two corsairs, guided by a Danish renegade, proceeded as far as Iceland, where they captured no less than 800 persons, a few of whom were ransomed several years afterwards by Christian IV., king of Denmark.

The existence of such an organized system of piracy may well excite our wonder at the present day; but the truth is, that since the time of the Vikings, to the latter part of the last century, the high seas were never clear of pirates belonging to one nation or another. Besides, the commercial jealousies and almost continual wars of the European nations, prevented them from uniting to crush the Barbary rovers. The English and Dutch maintained an extensive commerce with the Algerines, supplying them with gunpowder, arms, and naval stores; and found it more profitable to pay their customers a heavy tribute for a sort of half-peace, than to be at open war with them. De Witt, the famous Dutch admiral and statesman, in his *Interest of Holland*, thus views the question. "Although," he says, "our ships should be well guarded by convoys against the Barbary pirates, yet it would by no means be proper to free the seas from those freebooters—because we should thereby be put on the same footing as the French, Spanish, and Italians; wherefore it is best to leave that thorn in the sides of those nations. An English statesman, in an official paper written in 1671, amongst other objections to the surrender of Tangier, urges the advantage of making it an open port for the Barbary pirates to sell their prizes and refit at, in the same manner as they were permitted to do in the French ports. It is an actual fact that, in the seventeenth century, when England and France were at peace, Algerine cruisers frequently landed their English captives at Bordeaux whence they were marched in handcuffs to Marseille, and there reshipped in other vessels, and taken to Algiers. This

* At a later period, the Algerines did not separate slave-families.

proceeding was to avoid the risk of recapture in the Straits of Gibraltar, and also to allow the pirates to remain out longer on their cruise, unencumbered with prisoners. Numerous instances of the complicity of European powers with this nefarious system might be adduced. Sir Cloudesley Shovel, in 1703, protected a Barbary pirate from receiving a well-merited chastisement from a Dutch squadron; but that need not surprise the reader, for at the same time the gallant admiral had power under the Great Seal to visit Algiers, Tunis, and Tripoli, make the usual presents, and "if he could prevail with them to make war against France, and that some act of hostility was thereupon committed, he was to give such further presents as he should think proper."

The political system of the Algerines requires a few words. The authority of the Porte was soon shaken off, and then the janizaries, or soldiers, forming a kind of aristocratic democracy, chose a governor from their own number, under the familiar title of Dey (Uncle); and ruled the native Moors as an inferior and conquered race. Neither Moor nor Morisco was permitted to have any voice in the government, or to hold any office under it; the wealthiest native, if he met a janizary in the street, had to give way to let the proud soldier pass. The janizaries were all either Turks or renegades (slaves who had turned Mohammedans): so strictly was this rule carried out, that the son of a janizary by a Moorish woman was not allowed the privileges of his father, though the offspring of a janizary and a Christian slave was recognized as one of the dominant race. The janizaries were in number about 12,000; their ranks were annually recruited by renegades and adventurers Turks from the Levant; they served by sea as well as by land, and were employed in controlling the tributary native chiefs of the interior, and sailing in the piratical cruisers. Piracy being long the basis of this system, the whole foreign policy of the Algerines consisted in claiming the right of maintaining constant war with all Christian nations that did not conciliate them by tribute and treaties. When a European consul arrived at Algiers, he always carried a large present to the dey, and as the latter would, in a short time, quarrel with and send away the consul, in expectation of receiving the usual present with his successor, it was found more convenient to make an occasional present, than incur the trouble and risk of a continual change of consuls. In course of time, these occasional presents became a tribute of 17,000 dollars, regularly paid every two years.

The miseries of Algerine bondage have long been proverbial over all the Christian

world, yet they appear light when calmly examined and contrasted with other systems of slavery. Most travellers in Mohammedan countries have remarked the general kindness with which slaves are treated. General Eaton, consul of the United States at Tunis in 1799, writes thus:—"Truth and justice demand from me the confession, that the Christian slaves among the barbarians of Africa are treated with more humanity than the African slaves among the Christians of civilized America." John Wesley, when addressing those connected with the negro slave-trade, said: "You have carried them into the vilest slavery, never to end but with life—such slavery as is not found with the Turks at Algiers." In fact, the creed of Islam, not recognizing perpetual and unconditional bondage, gave the slave a right of redemption by purchase, according to a precept of the Koran. This right of redemption was daily claimed and acknowledged in Barbary; and though it was only the richer class that could immediately benefit by it, yet it was a great alleviation to the general hardship of the system; and numbers of the poorer captives, by exercise of their various trades and professions, realized money, and were in a short time able to redeem themselves. Again, no prejudice of race existed in the mind of the master against his unhappy bondsman. The meanest Christian slave, on becoming a Mohammedan, was free, and enrolled as a janizary, having superior privileges even to the native Moor or Morisco, and he and his descendants were eligible to the highest offices in the state. Ladies, when captured, were invariably treated with respect, and, till ransomed, lodged in a building set apart for the purpose, under the charge of a high officer, similar to our mayor. The most perfect toleration was extended to the exercise of the Christian religion; the four great festivals of the Roman Church—Christmas, Easter, and the nativities of St. John and the Virgin—were recognized as holidays for the slaves. We read of a large slaveholder purchasing a priest expressly for the spiritual comfort of his bondsmen; and of other masters who regularly, once a week, marched their slaves off to confession. The Algerines were shrewd enough to prefer a religious slave to his less conscientious fellows. "Christianity," they used to say, "was better for a man than no religion at all." Nor were they zealous to make adult converts. "A bad Christian," they said, "can never make a good Mussulman." It was only slaves of known good character and conduct who were received into the Moslem community. Children, however, were brought up Mohammedans, adopted in families, and became the heirs of their adopters. Captured ecclesiastics were treated

with respect, never set to work, but allowed to join the religious houses established in Algiers.

One of the greatest alleviations to the miseries of the captives was the hospital founded for their benefit, by that noble order of monks, the Trinitarian Brothers of Redemption. This order was instituted in 1188, during the pontificate of Innocent III. Its founder, Jean Matha, was a native of Provence, and, according to the old chronicles, a saint from his birth; for when a baby at the breast, he voluntarily abstained every fast-day! Having entered the priesthood, on performing his first mass, an extraordinary vision was witnessed by the congregation. An angelic being, clothed in white raiment, appeared above the altar, with an imploring expression of countenance, and arms crossed; his hands were placed on the heads of two fettered slaves, as if he wished to redeem them. The fame of this miracle soon spread to Rome. Journeying thither, Matha said mass before the pope; and the wonderful apparition being repeated, Innocent granted the requisite concessions for instituting the order of Redemptionists, whose sole object was to collect alms, and apply them to the relief and redemption of Christian slaves. With whatever degree of suspicion such conventual legends may be regarded, it is gratifying to find that the order was truly a blessed charity, and that our own countrymen were among the earliest and most zealous of its members. Within a year from its institution, Brother John of Scotland, a professor at Oxford, and Brother William of England, a priest in London, departed on the first voyage of redemption, and after many dangers and hardships, returned from the East with 1286 ransomed slaves. It was not, however, till 1551 that the order was enabled to form a regular establishment at Algiers. In that year, Brother Sebastian purchased a large building, and converted it into an hospital for sick and disabled slaves. As neither work nor ransom could be got out of a dead slave, the masters soon perceived the benefit of the hospital, and they levied a tax on all Christian vessels frequenting the port to aid in sustaining it. Among so many captives, there were always plenty of experienced medical men to perform the requisite duties; and no inconsiderable revenue to the funds of the institution was derived by dispensing medicines and advice to the Moslems. A Father Administrator and two brothers of the order constantly resided in Algiers to manage the affairs of the hospital, which from time to time was extended and improved, till it became one of the largest and finest buildings in the city. The owners of slaves who received the benefit of this charity, contributed nothing towards it, but on each slave being admitted, his proprie-

tor paid one dollar to the Father Administrator, which, if the patient recovered, was returned to the master, but if he died, was kept to defray his funeral expenses. For a long period, there was no place of interment allotted to the captives; their dead bodies were thrown outside the city walls, to be devoured by the hordes of street-dogs which infest the towns of Mohammedan countries. At length, by the noble self-denial of a private individual, whose name, we regret to say, we are unable to trace, a slave's burial-ground was obtained. A Capuchin-friar, the friend and confessor of Don John of Austria, natural son of the Emperor Charles V., was taken captive. Knowing the esteem in which he was held by the prince, an immense sum was demanded for his ransom. The money was immediately forwarded; but instead of purchasing his freedom, the disinterested philanthropist bought a piece of ground for a burial-place for Christian slaves, and, devoting himself to solace the spiritual and temporal wants of his unhappy co-religionists, uncomplainingly passed the rest of his life in exile and captivity.

A few years after the founding of this House of the Spanish Hospital, as it was termed, another Christian religious establishment, the House of the French Mission, was planted in Algiers. A certain Duchess d'Eguillon, at the suggestion of the celebrated philanthropist Vincent de Paul, who had himself been an Algerine captive, commenced this good work by an endowment of 4000 livres per annum. These two religious houses were exempted from all duties or taxes, and mass was performed in them daily with all the pomp and splendor of the Romish Church. There was also a chapel in each of the six bagnes—the prisons where the slaves were confined at night—in which service was performed on Sundays and holidays. The Greek Church had also a chapel and small establishment in one of the bagnes. Brother Comelin, of the order of Redemption, tells us, in his *Voyage*, that they celebrated Christmas in the Spanish Hospital “with the same liberty and as solemnly as in Christendom. Midnight mass was chanted to the sound of trumpets, drums, flutes, and hautboys; so that in the stillness of night the infidels heard the worship of the true God over all their accursed city, from ten at night till two in the morning.” Such was Mohammedan toleration in Algiers, at the period, too, we should recollect, of the high and palmy days of the Inquisition. We may easily conceive what would have been the fate of the infidels if they, by any chance, had invaded the midnight silence of Rome or Madrid with the sounds of their worship. The only exceptions to the general good treatment and respect bestowed upon Christian ecclesiastics in Algiers

was, when inspired by a furious zeal for martyrdom, they openly insulted the Mohammedan religion; or when the populace were excited by forced conversions and other intolerant cruelties practised upon Mussulman slaves in Europe. We shall briefly mention two instances of such occurrences.

One Pedro, a brother of Redemption, had travelled to Mexico and Peru, and collected in those rich countries a vast amount of treasure for the order. He then went to Algiers, where he employed half the money in ransoming captives, and the other half in repairing and increasing the usefulness of the hospital, where he resided, constantly attending and consoling the sick slaves. At last, thirsting for martyrdom, he one day rushed into a mosque, and, with crucifix in hand, cursed and reviled the false Prophet Mohammed. In all Mohammedan countries, the penalty of this offence is death. But so much were the piety and good works of Pedro respected by the Algerine government, that they anxiously endeavored to avoid inflicting the punishment of their law. Earnestly they solicited him, with promise of free pardon, to acknowledge that he was intoxicated or deranged when he committed the rash act, but in vain. Pedro was burned; and one of his leg-bones was long carefully preserved as a holy relic in the Spanish Hospital.

In 1612, a young Mohammedan lady, fifteen years of age, named Fatima, daughter of Mehemet Aga, a man of high rank in Algiers, when on her way to Constantinople to be married, was captured by a Christian cruiser, carried into Corsica, and a very large sum of money demanded for her ransom. The distressed father speedily sent the money by two relatives, who were furnished with safe-conduct passes by the brothers of Redemption. On their arrival in Corsica, they were informed that the young lady had become a Christian, was christened Maria Eugenia, and married to a Corsican gentleman; and that the money brought for her ransom must be appropriated as her dowry. The relatives were permitted to see Maria; she declared her name was still Fatima; and that her baptism and marriage were forced upon her. The return of the relatives without either the lady or the money caused great excitement in Algiers. By way of retaliation, the brothers of Redemption were loaded with chains, and thrown into prison, and compelled to pay Mehemet Aga a sum equal to that which he had sent for his daughter's ransom. In a short time, however, they were released, and permitted to resume their customary duties.

When returning from a successful cruise, as soon as an Algerine corsair arrived within sight of the harbor, her crew commenced firing guns of rejoicing and triumph, and conti-

nued them at intervals until she came to anchor. Summoned by these signals of success, the inhabitants would flock in numbers to the port, there to learn the value of the prize, the circumstances of its capture, and to congratulate the pirates. Morgan, a quaint old writer, many years attached to the British consulate, says:—"These are the times when Algiers very visibly puts on a quite new countenance, and it may well be compared to a great beehive. All is hurry, every one busy, and a cheerful aspect succeeds a strange gloom and discontent, like what is to be seen everywhere else, when the complaint of dullness of trade, scarcity of business, and stagnation of cash reigns universal; and which is constantly to be seen in Algiers during every interval between the taking of good prizes." The dey received the eighth part of the value of all prizes, for the service of the government, and had the privilege of selecting his share of the captives, who were brought from the vessel to the courtyard of his palace, where the European consuls attended to claim any of their countrymen who might be considered free in accordance with the terms of previous treaties. In many instances, however, little respect was paid by the strong-handed captors to such documents. The following reply of one of the deys to a remonstrance of the English consul, contains the general answer given on such occasions:—"The Algerines being born pirates, and not able to subsist by any other means, it is the Christians' business to be always on their guard, even in time of peace; for if we were to observe punctilios with all those nations who purchase peace and liberty from us, we might set fire to our shipping, and become degraded to be camel-drivers." When the newly-made captives were mustered in the dey's court-yard, their names, ages, countries, and professions, were minutely taken down by a *hojia*, or government secretary, appointed for the purpose; and then the dey proceeded to make his selection of every eighth person, and of course took care to choose such as, from their appearance and description, were likely to pay a smart ransom, or those acquainted with the more useful professions and the mechanical arts. After the dey had taken his share, the remainder of the prisoners, being the property of their captors, were taken to the *bestian*, or slave-market, and appraised, a certain value being set upon each individual. From the slave-market the unfortunates were then led back to the court-yard, and there sold by public auction; and whatever price was obtained higher than the valuation of the slave-market, became the perquisite of the dey.

The government, or, in other words, the dey, was the largest slaveholder in Algiers. All the slaves belonging to the government

were termed *deylic* slaves, and distinguished by a small ring of iron fastened round the wrist or ankle; and excepting those who were employed in the palace, or hired out as domestic servants, were locked up every night in six large buildings called *bagnes*. Rude beds were provided in the *bagnes*, and each *deylic* slave received three small loaves of bread per day, and occasionally some coarse cloth for clothing. All the carpenters, blacksmiths, masons, ropemakers, and others among the *deylic* slaves who worked at trades connected with house and ship building, received a third part of what they earned, when hired out to private persons, and even the same sum was paid to them when employed on government works. Besides, both at the laying down of the keel and launch of a new ship, a handsome gratuity was given to all the slave-mechanics employed upon her. Indeed, all the work connected with ship-building was performed by Christian slaves.

The janizaries never condescended to do any kind of work; the native Moors were too lazy and too ignorant; and the *Moriscoes* being forbidden, by the jealous policy of the dominant Turkish race, to practise the arts they brought with them from Spain, sank, after the first generation, to a level with the native Moor. Shipwrights were consequently well treated, many of them earning better wages than they could in their own countries. Numbers were thus enabled to purchase their freedom; but many more, seduced by the sensual debaucheries so prevalent wherever slavery is recognized, preferred remaining in Algiers as slaves or renegades, to returning as freemen to their native lands. *Deylic* slaves, when hired out as sailors, received one-third of their hire, and one-third of a freeman's share in the prize-money. Invariably at the hour of prayer, termed *Al Asar*, all work was stopped for the day, and the remaining three hours between that time and sunset were allowed to the slaves for their own use; on Friday, the Mohammedan Sabbath, they were never set to work; and besides the Christian holidays already mentioned, they had a week's rest during the season of Ramadan. Such of the *deylic* slaves as were employed at the more laborious work of drawing and carrying timber, stone, and other heavy articles, were divided into gangs, and taken out to work only on alternate days.

Many slaves never did an hour's work during their captivity; for, by the payment of a monthly sum, equivalent to about three shillings of our money, any one might be exempted from labor; and even those who could afford to fee their overseers only with a smaller sum, were put to the lightest description of toil. Slaves, when in treaty for ransom, were never required to work; and as no person was

permitted to leave Algiers in debt, money was freely lent at moderate interest to those whose circumstances entitled them to hope for ransom. Money, also, was readily obtained through the Jews, by drawing bills of exchange on the various mercantile cities of Europe. Many slaves, however, by working at trades and other means, were enabled to pay the tax for immunity from public labor, and support themselves comfortably in the *bagnes*. Of this latter class were tailors, shoemakers, toy-makers for the Moorish children, letter-writers, and others; and, strange to say, a good many managed to live well by theft alone. In each *bagne* were five or six licensed wine-shops, kept by slaves. This was the most profitable business open to a captive—a wine-shop keeper frequently making the price of his ransom in one year; but, preferring wealth to liberty, these persons generally remained slaves until they were able to retire with considerable fortunes. As there was constantly free ingress and egress to and from all the *bagnes* during the day, the wine-shops were always crowded with people of all nations; and though nominally for the use of the slaves, yet the renegades, who had not forgotten their relish for wine, drank freely therein; and even many of the "turbaned Turks," forgetting the law of their prophet, copiously indulged in the forbidden beverage. The Moslem however was, like Cassio, choleric in his drink, and frequently, brandishing his weapon and threatening the lives of all about him, would refuse to pay his shot. As no Christian dare strike a Mussulman, an ingenious device was resorted to on such occasions: a stout slave, regularly employed for the purpose, would, at a signal from the landlord, adroitly drop a short ladder over the reeling brawler's head; by this means, without striking a blow, he was speedily brought to the ground where he secured till his senses were restored by sleep; and then, if found to have no money, the landlord was entitled to retain his arms until the reckoning was paid.

The largest private slaveholder in Algiers was one Ali Pichellin, Captain Pacha or High Admiral of the fleet, who flourished about the middle of the seventeenth century, and holds a conspicuous position in the Algerine history of the period. He generally possessed from 800 to 900 slaves, whom he kept in a *bagne* of his own. Emanuel d'Aranda, a Flemish gentleman, who was for some time Pichellin's slave, gives a curious account of *bagne*-life as he witnessed it. The *bagne* resembled a long narrow street, with high gates at each end, which were shut every evening after the slaves were mustered at sunset, and opened at sunrise every morning. Though the *deylic* slaves each received three loaves of bread per day for their sustenance, Pichellin never gave any food whatever to his slaves unless they were

employed at severe labor; for he said that "a man was unworthy the name of slave, if he could not earn or steal, between Al Aasar and Al Magrib (the three hours before sunset allowed to the slaves) sufficient to support him for the rest of the day." We may observe here, that a Moor, Morisco, or Jew, if detected in theft, was punished by the loss of his right hand, and by being opprobriously paraded through the streets, mounted upon an ass. At the same time, neither Moor nor Jew dare even accuse a janizary of so disgraceful a crime. Slaves, however, might steal from Moor or Jew, with open impunity; for even if caught in the act, neither dare strike a slave; and if complaint was made to the dey, he would merely order the restitution of the stolen goods, refusing to inflict punishment on the following grounds: "That as the Koran did not condemn a man who stole to satisfy his hunger, and as a slave was not a free agent, but compelled to depend upon his master for food, he could not legally be punished for theft." Under such circumstances, we may readily believe that the bagnes, and especially that of Pichellin, were complete dens of thieves. Every evening, as soon as the gates were closed, the plunder of the day was brought forth and sold by auction; the sale being conducted, to the great amusement of the slaves, with all the Turkish gravity and formalities of the slave-market. Articles not thus disposed of, were left in the hands of one of the captives, who made it his business, for a small commission, to negotiate between the loser and the thief, and accept ransom for the stolen property. An Italian in Pichellin's bagne, named Fontimana, was so expert and confident a thief, that without possessing the smallest fraction of money in the morning, he would invite a party of friends to sup with him in the evening, trusting to his success in thieving throughout the day to provide the materials for the feast. Of course no satisfaction was obtained when the sufferers complained to Pichellin. "The Christians," he would say, "are all pilfering rascals. I cannot help it. You must be more careful for the future. Have you yet to learn that all my slaves wear hooks at the ends of their fingers?" Indeed, he seems to have recognized the slaves' right of theft so fully, that he was not angry when he himself became the victim. On one occasion, Fontimana stole and sold the anchor of his master's galley. "How dare you sell my anchor, you Christian dog?" said Pichellin. "I thought," replied the thief, "that the galley would sail better without the additional weight." The master laughed at the impudent reply, and said no more on the subject. Another characteristic anecdote is recorded of Pichellin and a Portuguese slave, his confidential steward and chamberlain. One day, when cruising off the coast of Portugal, the Capitan Pacha

ran his vessel close in towards the land, and having ordered the small boat to be lowered, called the slave, and pointing to the beach said: "There is your native country; you have served me faithfully for seventeen years; I now give you your freedom." The Portuguese, falling on his knees, kissed the hem of his late master's robe, and was profuse in his thanks; but Pichellin stopped him, coolly saying: "Do not thank me, but God, who put it into my heart to restore you to liberty." While the boat was being prepared to land him, the Portuguese, apparently overpowered with feelings of joy, descended into the cabin, as if to conceal his emotions, but in reality to steal Pichellin's most valuable jewels and other portable property, which he quickly concealed round his person. As soon as the boat was ready, Pichellin ordered him to be set ashore, and not long after discovered his loss when the wily Portuguese was far out of his reach. Pichellin had some rough virtues: he prided himself on being a man of his word. A Genoese, who had made a fortune by trade at Cadiz, was returning to his native country with his only child, a girl nine years of age, when his vessel was taken on the coast of Spain by Pichellin's cruiser. Not being far from land, the crew of the Christian vessel escaped to the shore, the terrified Genoese going with them, leaving his daughter in the hands of the pirates. Immediately when he saw that his child was a captive, he waded into the water, and waved his hat as a signal to the Algerines, who, thinking he might be a Moslem captive about to escape, sent a boat for him. On reaching the cruiser, Pichellin, seeing a Christian, exclaimed: "What madman are you that voluntarily surrenders himself a slave?" "That girl is my daughter," said the Genoese; "I could not leave her. If you will set us to ransom, I will pay it; if not, the satisfaction of having done my duty will enable me to support the hardships of slavery." Pichellin appeared struck, and after musing a moment said: "I will take fifteen hundred dollars for the ransom of you and your daughter." "I will pay it," replied the Genoese. "Hold, master!" exclaimed one of Pichellin's slaves; "I know that man well: he was one of the richest merchants in Cadiz, and can afford to pay ten times that amount for ransom." "Silence, dog!" said the old pirate; "I have said it: my word is my word." Pichellin was further so accommodating as to take the merchant's bill for the money, and set him and his daughter ashore at once.

Each slave who, from poverty, ignorance of a trade, or want of cunning, was compelled to work in the gangs, always carried a bag and a spoon—the bag to hold anything that he might chance to steal; the spoon, in case any charitable person, as was frequently the case,

should present him with a mess of pottage. Only those, however, worked in the gangs who could not by any possibility avoid it; and numberless were the schemes adopted by the slaves to raise money to support themselves and secure their exemption from that description of labor. Some, at the risk of the bastinado, smuggled brandy—a strictly forbidden article—into the bagnes, and sold it out in small quantities to such as wanted it. Scholars were well employed, by their less learned fellow-captives, to correspond with friends in Europe. Latin was the language preferred for this correspondence, because it was unintelligible to the masters; and the letters frequently contained allusions to property, family affairs, and other circumstances, which, if known, would raise the price of ransom. The great object of all the captives whose wealth entitled them to hopes of ransom, was to simulate poverty, concealing their real circumstances or station in life as much as possible; and not unfrequently the Algerines deceived by those professions, permitted persons of wealth and consequence to redeem themselves for a trifling sum. On the other hand, persons in much poorer circumstances were often detained a long time in slavery, ill treated, and held to a high ransom, on the bare suspicion of their being wealthy. The Jews, though not permitted to possess slaves, had, through their commercial ramifications in Europe, means of obtaining correct intelligence respecting the property and affairs of many captives, which they did not fail to profit by, receiving a percentage on the increased ransom gained by their information. In a similar way some artful old slaves, of various countries, lived well by making friends with new captives, treating them at the wine-shops, and, under the pretext of advising them how to act, inducing them to reveal their true circumstances, which the spy immediately communicated to his master. A grave Spanish cavalier made his living by settling quarrels among his countrymen, and deciding all disputes respecting rank, precedence, and the code of honor; a small fee being paid by each of the parties, and his decision invariably respected. A French gentleman contrived to live, and dress well, and give frequent dinner parties, by a curious financial scheme he invented and practised. Knowing many of the French renegades, he borrowed money from them for certain periods at moderate interest; and as one sum fell due, he met it by a loan from a new creditor. This system, at first sight, would not appear to be profitable; but the renegades being constantly employed in the cruises, as in a state of continual warfare, some of the creditors were either killed or captured yearly, and having no heirs, the debts were thus cancelled in the French cap-

tive's favor. "In fine," says D'Aranda, to whom we are indebted for the preceding peculiarities of bagne-life, "there can be no better university to teach men how to shift for a livelihood; for all the nations made some shift to live save the English, who, it seems, are not so shiftful as others. During the winter I spent in the bagne, more than twenty of that nation died from pure want." It is clear that the unfortunate captives here alluded to must have been persons unfit for labor, and unable to procure ransom; and thus, being of no service to their brutal master, were suffered to live or die as it might happen. There can be no doubt that the English and Dutch captives of the reformed churches, suffered more privations than any others at that period, ere knowledge and intercourse had dulled the fiery edge of religious bigotry. All the public charities for slaves were founded by the Roman Church, and their bounties exclusively bestowed on its followers. No relief was ever given to a heretic unless he became a convert; and it is an exceedingly curious illustration of this religious hatred, that it was as rife and virulent in the breasts of the renegades who had adopted Mohammedanism, as it was amongst those who remained Christians. Another great disadvantage which the English captives must have labored under, was their ignorance of the language. The *lingua franca* spoken in Algiers was a compound of French, Spanish, and Italian, with a few Arabic words: consequently, any native of these countries could acquire it in a few days, while the unfortunate Briton might be months before he could express his meaning or understand what was said to him.

The hardships of slavery were, in all truth, insufficient to extinguish the religious and national animosities of the captives. Dreadful conflicts frequently occurred between the partisans of the eastern and western churches—Spaniards and Italians uniting to batter orthodoxy into the heads of schismatic Greeks and Russians. Nor were such disturbances quelled until a strong body of guards, armed with ponderous cudgels, vigorously attacking both parties, beat them into peaceful submission. Life was not unfrequently lost in these contests. A most serious one, in which several hundred slaves took part on both sides, occurred during D'Aranda's captivity. At the feast of the Assumption, the altar of one of the churches was decorated with the Portuguese arms, with the motto—"God will exalt the humble, and bring down the haughty." The Spaniards, conceiving this to be an insulting reflection on their national honor, tore down the obnoxious decoration and trampled it under their feet. The Portuguese immediately retaliated, and a battle ensued between the

captives of the two nations, which lasted a considerable time, and cost several lives. The ringleaders were severely bastinadoed by their masters, who tauntingly told them to sell their lands and purchase their freedom, and then they might fight for the honor of their respective countries as long and as much as they liked. It is pleasing, however, after reading of such scenes, to find that the slaves frequently got up theatrical performances. One of their favorite pieces was founded on the history of Belisarius.

The negotiations for ransom were either carried on through the Fathers of Redemption, the European consuls, or by the slaves themselves. When a province of the order of Redemption had raised a sufficiently large sum, the resident Father Administrator in Algiers procured a pass from the dey, permitting two fathers to come from Europe to make the redemption. The rule of the order was, that young women and children were to be released first; then adults belonging to the same nation as the ransomers; and after that, if the funds permitted, natives of other countries. But, in general, the fathers brought with them a list of the persons to be released, who had been recommended to their notice by political, ecclesiastical, or other interest. Slaves, who had earned and were willing to pay part of their ransom, found favor in the eyes of the fathers; and slaves with very long beards, or of singular emaciated appearance, were purchased with a view to future effect, in the grand processional displays made by the Redemptionists on their return to Europe.

From a published narrative of a voyage of Redemption made in 1720, we extract the following amusing account of an interview between two French Redemptionists and the dey. The fathers had redeemed their contemplated number of captives with the exception of ten belonging to the dey; but he, piqued that his slaves had not been purchased first, demanded so high a price for each, that they were unwillingly compelled to ransom only three—a French gentleman, his son, and a surgeon. "These slaves being brought in, we offered the price demanded (\$3,000) for them. The dey said he would give us another into the bargain. This was a tall, well-made young Hollander, one of the dey's household, who was also present. We remonstrated with the dey, that this fourth would not do for us, he being a Lutheran, and also not of our country. The dey's officers laughed, and said, he is a good Catholic. The dey said he neither knew nor cared about that; the man was a Christian, and that he should go along with the other three for 5,000 dollars."

After a good deal of fencing, and the dey having reduced his demand by 500 dollars, the father continues: "We yet held firm to have

only the three we had offered 3,000 dollars for. 'All this is to no purpose,' said the dey; 'I am going to send all four to you, and, willing or unwilling, you shall have them at the price I specified, nor shall you leave Algiers until you have paid it.' But we still held out, spite of all his threats, telling him that he was master in his own dominions, but that our money falling short, we could not purchase slaves at such a price. We then took leave of him, and that very day he sent us the three slaves we had cheapened, and let us know we should have the fourth on the day of our departure." The reader will not be sorry to learn that the fathers were ultimately compelled to purchase and take away with them the "young Lutheran Hollander."

The primary object of the Redemptionists being to raise money for the ransom of captives, every advantage was taken to appeal successfully to the sympathies of the Christian world, and no method was more remunerative than the grand processions which they made with the liberated slaves on their return to Europe. Father Comelin gives us full particulars of these proceedings. The ransomed captives, dressed in red Moorish caps and white bonouses, and wearing chains (they never wore in Algiers), were met at the entrance of each town they passed through by all the clerical, civil, municipal, and military dignitaries of the place. Banners, wax candles, music, and "angels covered with gold, silver, and precious stones," accompanied them in grand procession through the town; the chief men of the district carrying silver salvers, on which they collected money from the populace, to be applied to future redemptions.

The first general ransom of British captives was made by money apportioned by parliament for the purpose, during the exciting events of the civil war. The first vessel despatched was unfortunately burned in the Bay of Gibraltar, and the treasure lost. A fresh sum of money was again granted; and in 1646, Mr. Cason, the parliamentary agent, arrived at Algiers. In his official dispatch to the "Committee of the Navy," now before us, he states that, counting renegades, there were then 750 English captives in Algiers; and proceeds to say that "they come to much more a-head than I expected; the reason is, there be many women and children, which cost £50 per head, first penny, and might sell for £100. Besides, there are divers which were masters of ships, calkers, carpenters, sailmakers, coopers, and surgeons, and others who are highly esteemed." The agent succeeded in redeeming 244 English, Scotch, and Irish captives at the average cost of £38 each. From the official record of their several names, places of birth, and prices, it appears that more money was paid for the females than the males. The three highest

sums on the list are £75 paid for Mary Bruster of Youghal; £65 for Alice Hayes of Edinburgh; and £50 for Elizabeth Mancor of Dundee. The names of several natives of Baltimore (in all probability, some of those carried off when that town was sacked fifteen years before) are in this list of the redeemed. It will scarcely be believed, that strong opposition was made by the mercantile interest against money being granted by parliament for the ransom of those poor captives—on the grounds, as the opposers' petition expresses: "That if the slaves be redeemed upon a public score, then seamen will render themselves to the mercy of the Algerines, and not fight in defence of the goods and ships of the merchants." A more curious instance of our ancestors' wisdom in relation to this subject, occurred during the profligate reign of the second Charles. A large sum of money appropriated for the redemption of captives having been *lost* somehow, between the Navy Board and the Commissioners of Excise, it was gravely proposed: "That whatever loss or damage the English shall sustain from Algerines, shall be required and made good to the losers, out of the estates of the Jews here in England. Because such a law may save a great expense of Christian treasure and blood!"

The first attempt to release English captives by force from Algiers was made in 1621, after the project had been debated in the Privy Council for nearly four years. With the exception of rescuing about thirty slaves of various nations, who swam off to the English ships, this expedition turned out a complete failure. In 1662, another fleet was sent, a treaty was made with the dey, and 150 captives ransomed with money raised by the English clergy in their several parishes. In 1664, 1672, 1682, and 1686, other treaties were made with the Algerines: the frequent recurrence of those treaties shews the little attention paid to them by the pirates.

In 1682, Louis XIV. determined to stop the Algerine aggressions on France; and at the same time to try a new and terrible invention in the art of war. Renau d'Elicaggary had just laid before the French government a plan for building ships of sufficient strength to bear the recoil caused by firing bombs from mortars. Louis, accordingly, sent Admiral Duquesne with a fleet and some of the new bomb-vessels to destroy Algiers. The expedition was unsuccessful, the bombs proving nearly as destructive to the French as to their enemies. The next year Duquesne returned, and, taught by experience, succeeded in firing all his bombs into the pirate city. The terrified dey capitulated, and surrendered 600 slaves to the fleet; but sixty-four of those unfortunate captives being discovered by the French officers to be Englishmen, were sent back to the dey!

While a treaty was in preparation, the janizaries, indignant at the loss of their slaves, murdered the dey, elected another, and manning their forts, commenced firing upon the French. Duquesne's bombs being all expended, he was obliged to sheer off and return to France. In 1688, Marshal d'Estrées, with a powerful fleet, arrived off Algiers. The bombs told with terrible effect, and the dey soon sued for peace; but d'Estrées replied that he came not to treat, but to punish. On this occasion, 10,000 bombs were thrown into Algiers; the city was reduced to ruins, and the humbled pirates compelled to sign a treaty dictated by the conqueror. In a few years, however, the demolished fortifications were re-erected stronger than ever, and the incorrigible Algerines busy at their old trade of piracy.

Algerine slavery at last came to an end. At the close of the long European war in 1814, the chivalrous Sir Sidney Smith proposed a union of all orders of knighthood for the abolition of white slavery. His plan was to form "an amphibious force, to be termed the Knights Liberators, which, without compromising any flag, and without depending on the wars or the political events of nations, should constantly guard the Mediterranean, and take upon itself the important office of watching, pursuing, and capturing all pirates by sea and land." Though Sir Sidney's project fell to the ground, yet it had the good effect of calling the attention of the British nation to the subject; and in 1816, Lord Exmouth, with an English fleet, sailed to Algiers, destroyed the dey's shipping, levelled the fortifications, released altogether about 3,000 captives, and abolished for ever the atrocious system of Christian slavery. The subsequent history of Algiers is foreign to our subject; we may merely add, that in 1830 it became, by right of conquest, a French colony.

Limited space compels us to say but little respecting the other piratical states of Barbary—Tunis, Tripoli, and Morocco. They, however, only dabbled in piratical slavery, not making it a systematized profession like the Algerines. When, about the middle of the seventeenth century, there were upwards of 30,000 Christian slaves in Algiers, there were not more than 7,000 in Tunis, 5,000 in Tripoli, and 1,500 in Morocco. In the latter part of the sixteenth century, Tunis and Tripoli fell under the power of the Porte, and for some time were ruled by Turkish viceroys; but in a few years the janizaries, as at Algiers, elected their own rulers; and subsequently the native race, overpowering the janizaries, gained the ascendancy over the Ottoman masters. Since Blake humbled the pride of the Tunisians, in 1665, and Narbro burned the Tripolitan fleet in 1676, neither of those states has inflicted much injury on British shipping.

The treatment of slaves at Tunis and Tripoli was considered to be even milder than at Algiers: the Brothers of Redemption had establishments at both places. It was with Tripoli in 1796, that the United States, through their envoy, Joel Barlow, made the treaty which caused so much animadversion. In that treaty Mr. Barlow, to conciliate the Mohammedan powers, declared that "the government of the United States of America is not, in any sense, founded on the Christian religion." Notwithstanding so bold an assertion, the faithless Tripolitans declared war against the United States, in 1801; and after a contest highly creditable to the American navy, then in its infancy, peace was concluded between the two powers, and 200 captives released from slavery. Both Tunis and Tripoli quietly renounced the practice of Christian slavery, when solicited to do so by Lord Exmouth in 1816.

All the territories which formed part of the Roman Empire in Africa, subsequently fell under the sway of Constantinople, except Morocco. Its fertile soil, almost within cannon-shot of Europe, "on the very verge and hem of civilization," has ever attracted European cupidity, and the patriotic energy of its people has ever repelled Christian domination. Almost all the semi-barbarous states of the world have fallen a prey to European ambition and enterprise; not only dynasties but races have been extinguished, and yet Morocco is still as free from foreign influence as the surf of the Atlantic that thunders on its sands. At one period, indeed, almost subjugated, it was little more than a Portuguese province, when the Cherifs, a family of mendicant fanatics, claiming to be the lineal descendants of Mohammed, expelled the invaders, and founded the present dynasty. Spain, it is true, still holds two fortresses as penal settlements on the coast; but no Spaniard can even look over an embrasure on the land side, without being saluted by a long Moorish rifle. It is an actual fact, that the governors of those prison-forts receive intelligence of what passes in the interior of Morocco, from Madrid.

As in other parts of Barbary, it was the Moriscos, after their expulsion from Spain, that founded the system of piratical slavery in Morocco. Who has not read of the Sallee rovers in *Robinson Crusoe*, and our old ballads? Yet, compared with the Algerine, theirs was, after all, a very petty kind of piracy. The harbor of Sallee, the principal port of Morocco, being only suitable for vessels drawing little water, the piracy was carried on in galleys and row-boats, and was formidable only to small unarmed vessels. In 1637, an English fleet, under Admiral Rainborough, took Sallee, and released 290 British captives—"as many as would have cost £10,000." Soon after, the emperor of Morocco

sent an ambassador to London, who, on his presentation to Charles I., went to court in procession, taking with him a number of liberated captives dressed in white, and many hawks and Barbary horses splendidly caparisoned. Christian slaves in Morocco were invariably the property of the emperor, and were mostly employed in constructing buildings of *tapia*—a composition somewhat resembling our concrete. In the latter part of the seventeenth century, during the reign of Muley Ishmael, a cruel tyrant to his own subjects, and who had a mania for building, the captives in Morocco were ill treated, and compelled to work hard. Yet even, then, one Thomas Phelps, who made his escape from Mequinez, tells us that the emperor came frequently amongst the slaves when at work, and would "bolt out encouraging words to them, such as: 'May God send you all safe home to your own countries!'" and any captive was excused from work by the payment of a *blanquil*—a sum equivalent to our 2d.—per day. In 1685, the emperor had 800 Christian slaves, 260 of whom were English; many of those, however, were subsequently ransomed. After Muley Ishmael's death, the captives were much better treated. Captain Braithwaite, who accompanied Mr. Russell on a mission from the English government in 1727, thus describes the condition of the Christian captives in Morocco: "Most part of them," he says, "have expectations of getting back to their native country at one time or another. The emperor keeps most of them at work upon his buildings, but not to such hard labor as that our laborers go through. The *Canute*, where they are lodged, is infinitely better than our prisons. In short, the captives have a much greater property in what they get than the Moors; several of them being rich, and many have carried considerable sums out of the country. Several keep their mules, and some their servants, to the truth of which we are all witnesses." Morocco was the first of the Barbary States that gave up the practice of Christian slavery. In a treaty made with Spain in 1799, the emperor declared his desire that the name of slavery might be effaced from the memory of mankind.

The adventures of corsairs and captives, being ever of a singularly romantic character, have afforded many subjects to the writers of fiction. At one period, the French, Spanish, and Italian novelists and dramatists borrowed all their plots from this prolific source. Only one, however, was original. Cervantes, having been for nearly six years an Algerine slave, drew captivity from the life; the other writers merely present us with copies of his graphic delineations. The tale of *The Captive*, the novel of *The Generous Lover*, the dramas of *Life in Algiers*, and *The Bagnes of*

Algers,* are evidently not mere works of amusing fiction, but were written for a purpose—that purpose being to excite public opinion in the favor of unfortunate Christian slaves, and to arouse the nations of Christendom to efforts for their liberation. The above-mentioned works decidedly appertain to the literature of anti-slavery; and the renowned author of *Don Quixote* must be placed high on the roll of those whom our transatlantic brethren would term “abolitionist writers.”

The great romance of slavery consists in the escape of the bondsman, whether it be effected by cunning or courage. The contest is so unequal, the chances of the game so much against the runaway, and the stake so high, that the more generous sentiments of human nature are compelled to feel an interest in the event, and show a sympathy to the struggling captive's weakness, even when prejudice of race and legal enactments deny it to his cause. The working of the fugitive slave bill in the United States exemplifies this feeling in a remarkable degree. The old romancers and ballad-writers generally connect a love affair with the escapes of their imaginary captives: from the peculiar customs and social relations of Mohammedans, such an occurrence is highly improbable. In fact, after no little research, we must confess that we never met with an authenticated instance of the kind. A few real escapes are still worth mentioning, although the romantic element of a “Moorish lady” does not enter into the story.

In 1714, a captive noticing the outlet of a sewer in the port, determined to go down the sewer of his bagné at night, and discover if it were the same. Finding it to be so, he communicated the fact to several of his fellow-captives, and they anxiously waited for a chance of escape. In a short time their wishes were gratified by observing a small row-boat ready for sea, lying close to the mouth of the sewer. At dead of night a number of slaves descended the sewer; but on reaching the harbor, were attacked by the street dogs. The noise aroused the guards, who, crying “Christians! Christians!” ran to the spot, and a fearful conflict ensued. About forty of the slaves, notwithstanding, boarded the row-boat, and throwing her crew into the water, attempted to push out of the harbor. At this eventful moment they were met by a series of unforeseen obstacles—namely, the hawser of the vessels, which, according to the usual custom of mooring in Mediterranean ports, formed a net-work across the harbor. Dismayed, yet undaunted, the escaping captives, jumping into the water, swam and pushed the boat

before them, and when they reached a hawser, got on it, and, as sailors term it, rode it down by their weight, so as to push their light bark over. In a short time, the last hawser was passed; and a dark night and fair wind favoring the fugitives, the second morning afterwards saw them freemen on the island of Majorca. The greatest confusion reigned in *Algers* during that night. At first, it was supposed that all the slaves had broken out of the bagnés. The dey, half-dressed, and raving with anger, ran up and down the mole, at one moment inciting his men to the pursuit with the most extravagant promises; at another, reproving their dilatoriness with blows of his sabre. Foaming with rage, he cursed the guards and sneeringly uttered these prophetic words: “I believe the dogs of Christians will one day or other come and take us out of our houses.”

In Purchas's *Pilgrims* we have a quaint account of a gallant escape from slavery. In 1621, the *Jacob* of Bristol was taken by a Barbary cruiser; all the crew were removed to the pirate vessel with the exception of four lads, named Cook, Jones, Long, and Tuckey; and a guard of thirteen pirates, with an officer, put on board the *Jacob*, to carry her to *Algers*. “These four poor youths,” says Purchas, “being fallen into the hands of merciless infidels, began to study and complot all the means they could for the obtaining of their freedom.” On the fifth night after their capture, Tuckey being at the helm, the other three were ordered to take in the mainsail; the wind being fresh, the Algerine officer went to assist “when they took him by the hams, and turned him overboard; but by fortune he fell into the belly of the sail, where quickly catching hold of a rope, he being a very strong and vigorous man, had almost gotten into the ship again; which Cooke perceiving, leaped speedily to the pump, and took off the pump brake or handle, and cast it to Long, bidding him knock him down, which he was not long in doing; but lifting up the wooden weapon, he gave him such a palt on the pate as made his brains forsake the possession of his head, with which his body fell into the sea.” Fortunately, owing to the noise made by the flapping sail, the scuffle was unheard by the other pirates, of whom four more were attacked and killed, and the rest secured under hatches. The brave lads succeeded in carrying the ship into a Spanish port, “where they sold nine Turks for galley-slaves, for a good sum of money, and as I think, for a great deal more than they were worth!” Honest Purchas thus concludes the narration: “He that shall attribute such things as these to the arm of flesh and blood, is forgetful, ungrateful, and in a manner atheistical.”

* *El Cautivo, El Liberal Amante, El Trato de Argel, Los Baños del Argel.*

From the Examiner, 20 May.

CONDITIONS OF PEACE.

THE Czar Alexander was the founder and mainstay of the Holy Alliance. He was also the great gainer by it. That institution was a contract between the Bourbons, Hapsburgs, Hohenzollerns, and Romanoffs, to assist each other with troops against the apprehended efforts of their respective subjects to obtain any mitigation of the bad government which it was the purpose of each to establish and carry on in his own dominions. It was a mutual assurance of one another against what they called revolution. The institution worked with apparent success for some time. Everywhere was established a system of government for the profit of the ruling few, and the interests and feelings of the many were everywhere set at naught. The Neapolitan and Spanish attempts at amelioration were successively put down; the most distinguished Italians were exiled, despoiled of their property, imprisoned, tortured, and put to death; and the Czar's success against Turkey in 1829 appeared to afford the opportunity for correcting the only mistake which the leaders in the Congress of 1815 imagined they had made, in permitting a government having a constitutional form to be established in France. Consequently, in 1830, Charles the Tenth proceeded to rectify this inconsistency. But he was overthrown so very suddenly, and at such a late period of the year, that the Czar's intervention before the spring was an impossibility. We learn, however, from the papers seized at Warsaw, that on the 10th of August, 1830, the day on which he received the news from Paris, he gave orders for everything to be got ready for a march southward in spring—but England recognizing the new order of things in France without a moment's hesitation, and this encouraging the Poles to strike for their independence in the ensuing September, the Holy Alliance failed at this critical moment in yielding the fruits expected from it.

The advantage which the Czar reaped from the institution of this alliance was altogether different in kind from that obtained by his co-partners in it. Its military guarantee was of the utmost value to the Hapsburgs, Hohenzollerns, and Bourbons, because their systems of government were not founded on the interests or feelings of their subjects, but involved the constant violation of them; while the Russian system is adapted to the national character and wants of the Russians, who, barbarous and oriental, neither desire nor have any idea of change in it. Thus, while the Czar's guarantee to the other members of the alliance was of great value to them, theirs was of no value whatever to him, from his not being in a condition to need it. This circumstance made him the real political master of

the continent up to the revolution of 1830, and has kept him the master of Germany ever since. He became a necessity.

The Holy Alliance advanced the scheme which Peter the Great devised for his successors in the Czarship more effectively than even his testament indicated. That was, that his successors should bend their unceasing efforts to foment constant divisions between the great powers of the continent, and then, as occasions offered, should league themselves first with one for extinguishing and absorbing a second, then with another to extinguish and absorb a third, and by this process should finally throw the whole weight of Germany, Turkey, and Russia upon France and overwhelm it. But the Czar Alexander, keeping this policy in the back-ground for the moment, inveigled the German Powers and France into establishing, each in its own territory, a division between themselves and their own subjects, which rendered them quite powerless to oppose his future proceedings. We see, by Pozzo di Borgo's extraordinary letter of the 28th November, 1828, that Charles the Tenth supported the Czar's attack on Turkey in the conviction that its success would enable him to overthrow the French Chambers, and re-establish the ancient régime; that Austria was so paralyzed by her system in Italy, Hungary, etc., that with all her vast army she would not dare active opposition; and that, therefore, the "malice" (that is the word used) of M. de Metternich might safely be despised. In short, the inaccessibility of the Russian system to overthrow—for the frequent strangling of a Czar leaves the system itself untouched, perhaps strengthens it—and the danger of internal overthrow to all the other systems, made the Czar, in his position of a member of the Holy Alliance, the arbiter, indeed the lord of the other sovereigns. "Remember," said Histæus, of Miletus, to the Ionian Princes assembled to decide upon the proposal of Miltiades to break down the bridge over the Danube, and, by consigning Darius and his whole army to destruction, to ensure the independence of Ionia and Greece; "remember that we are only enabled to maintain our positions as Princes in our respective territories, against the universal aversion of our subjects, by the power of Persia, and that in overthrowing that we shall overthrow ourselves." The relative positions of the Czar and the Continental Princes under the Holy Alliance is precisely similar to this.

We have thus indicated the political effects of the Congress of Vienna and the Holy Alliance, in order to obtain a clearer view of what our object should be in the present war. We are spending blood and treasure to purchase peace and security for the future. Peace may now very easily be obtained, that is nominally. For the Czar counted on establishing division

between France and England; and had either England at first, or Louis Napoleon afterwards, listened to his insidious proposals, he would certainly be now at Constantinople. But he still further miscalculated in believing a French and English alliance unattainable. Doubly disappointed, his reaching Constantinople is now hopeless; and his remaining in the Principalities, with a hostile fleet and army capable of operating on his rear, impossible. He is becoming sensible of all this, and must wish to abridge the spectacle of his humiliating impotence in the Baltic. He will do in the beginning, and at once, what he sees he must do in the end, and will lose no time in offering terms. This is what we have always expected when once we should begin in earnest to test the over-estimated power of Russia.

It is also what we dread. Being convinced that the reduction of the power of Russia is an indispensable condition of the development of European civilization and happiness, we dread any cessation of war that shall leave her with the means of influencing either Germany or France. She stands now before the bar of civilization the triumphant perpetrator of acts which must be reversed, before the Germans, the French, and the English can find any moral anchorage for a stable peace in Europe. The successful extinction of one great member of the European body, and the successful mutilation of another, are deeds that will forever prevent any settlement of European affairs until they are annulled. Peace until lately was only the child of exhaustion, now it is becoming the moral want of humanity; but we can never possess that feeling of confidence which is a pre-requisite for its attainment, as long as we witness that brutal and treacherous triumph of might over right which the present condition of Poland and Finland offers to the bewildered belief in Divine justice. There may be English statesmen disposed eagerly to snap at the Czar's offers, and there may be a cessation of war for the moment; but in the present stage of the European mind nothing can be permanent but what is just, and a cessation of war before justice is satisfied will only lead to a continual and miserable struggle, which must terminate a few years hence either in the triumph of Russian barbarism and the retrogradation of civilization throughout Europe, or in a renewal of that war which we have now begun, and which we shall have been unwise enough not to bring to such a close as justice and policy alike dictated. This it is fully in our power (we speak of France and England conjunctively) now to compass.

This, therefore, ought to be our object. No peace until Russia, reduced to her natural limits, shall be left without the power of influencing European affairs. We have shown how erroneous is the estimate which has been

formed of the power of Russia, nor would the delusion ever have arisen but for the circumstance to which we have just pointed attention, and of which it was not an unnatural result. For the mass in every country saw their rulers admitting by subservency and flattery their own relative weakness, and looking to Russia with hope and fear, as if she were absolutely strong. This arose from their being universally at variance with their subjects, and thus sensible of their domestic weakness, while the Czar alone, governing in harmony with the feelings of the barbarians over whom he rules, was strong at home. The elements of her real strength for aggressive purposes might have been inferred by reflecting on her miserable difficulties in 1828 and 1829 against Turkey; by her positive defeats in 1831 by the Poles, whom she only conquered by the actual military interference of the Prussian army on the left bank of the Vistula; and by what she is now laboring in vain to do against the Turks. If the war continues a very few months more, the nullity of Russian power and the reality of its weakness will be fully established; and the Czar, disappointed in the division between France and England on which he counted, finding Austria inclining against him, seeing himself deprived of these artificial supports, and reduced to his own intrinsic resources, will hasten by offering concessions to prevent that exposure of his real weakness now so near at hand. The plausible ground on which he will place himself is already indicated, and unfortunate predilections for a quasi-return to the "Settlement" of 1815 will favor his attempt, and tend to defraud civilization and humanity of the prospects opening before them. But nothing now can be a "settlement" of Europe which is not bottomed on concession to the acknowledged wants and interests of mankind in the various territories in which Europe is divided. The partitioning out Europe among a score of regal families, and adjusting the shares allotted to each, never could, and never can be a settlement; and were it not the misfortune of mankind to confound ability with wisdom, they would have derided the arrangements of Vienna in the beginning, notwithstanding the men who combined their powers to produce them. However able, they were anything but wise or long-sighted.

While we write we see news alleged to be authentic, and which affords a remarkable fact in confirmation of the view we take of the Holy Alliance. Austria has suddenly relaxed her tyranny in Hungary and elsewhere. If this be confirmed, we shall take for granted that she means to take part with the allies at last. Deciding to oppose the Czar, she loses his external guarantee, and feels immediately and instinctively that she can provide a substitute in good government alone.

From The Examiner, 27 May.

THE LOCUS PENITENTILÆ FOR RUSSIA.

WHATEVER may be the effect of the Austro-Prussian Treaty of the 20th April, the terms of which are now made public, we do not think there can be any doubt of its intention, or of the object with which the new Protocol, signed last Tuesday at Vienna, has been framed to bring within the scope of one and the same instrument this Treaty of the German Powers and the Treaty of England and France.

The gratifying spectacle is again exhibited to Europe, by these makers of Vienna Protocols, of so-called "accord" between the Four Powers in regard to the Eastern quarrel. France and England, at war with Russia, are thus to tell the world that though they have thought the resort to war necessary, they are still on the best possible terms with Prussia and Austria who don't think it necessary at all. Austria and Prussia, at Peace with everybody, are by this means to make their friendly offices available between Russia and the powers at war with Russia, on terms and conditions which they hope to render agreeable to all parties.

What is the first thing manifest in this Treaty of Berlin, for which it is understood that the diplomatic people have been active, and the armies inactive, for so long a time? Does it suggest any nearer approximation to an honest alliance with England and France? Is it, as we were led to believe, a compact only for such mutual protection as might leave liberty of action to each? No such thing. What is most prominent and manifest upon the face of it is, that we have no longer anything to hope from Austria to set off against the pusillanimity of Prussia. It is an utter explosion of the hopes entertained in that direction.

We are surprised that any other construction should be drawn from it. Its express tenor is that what Prussia does, Austria will do; that, whatever their differences in opinion may be, there is at least to be no difference in act; that one is not to think of making war without the other. Each country guarantees to the other its German and non-German dominions. The Polish, Rhenish, and Italian provinces, are to be secure under this treaty. Any attack upon one is to be resented by the other party. Such is the agreement. Of course nobody dreams that Austria can go to war with Russia, or in any way provoke hostilities from the Czar, without exposing some of her provinces to invasion; and in that case Prussia stipulates to march to her help. But Prussia would make no such stipulation if it was not fully understood that Austria was not only not to rush into war without Prussian

consent, but was not even to risk it by independent policy or isolated acts to which Prussia had not consented.

The inference inevitable from such a treaty is, that neither Austria nor Prussia has the least idea of going to war with Russia. They both indeed complain of, they both condemn the occupation of the Danubian Principalities, and they both point with still greater dislike to any further advance of Russian troops beyond the Danube. But that Austria and Prussia would have committed themselves to even this declaration, if they had not first been perfectly certain that Russia did not wish to advance beyond the Danube, no one will believe. Had Austria and Prussia signed such a treaty, and made known its contents, six or eight months ago, Turkey and the Western Powers might have been obliged to them. But their affected adherence now is too obviously a trick to help Russia out of her scrape. It is an attempt to paralyze the efforts of France and England to bring the quarrel to so decisive a conclusion that it shall never be able to break forth again.

In a word, however apparently directed against Russia, however pleasantly foisted into a French and English Protocol, this treaty is really pointed *against* France and England. It tells them plainly that the aim of the German Powers is solely and exclusively to get the Russians out of the Principalities, and in no wise either to permit or take other guarantees against them. Let General Canrobert and Lord Raglan drive Paskiewitch behind the Pruth, and thenceforward Austria and Prussia, no longer the negative antagonists of Russia, become its active allies.

This, then, is what we have to guard against. The danger now is that the war should terminate, after the fashion of the diplomacy that preceded it, in a *fiasco*. Such a result would recoil upon the Governments of the West in a way to shake their strength and credit far more than any loss of fleets or battles.

They have now, however, timely warning. The Berlin treaty puts an end to all the fine hopes that were built upon the Emperor of Austria's sudden levies of 95,000 men. To the command of those levies, it will be remembered, it was made matter of much marvel that Schlick and another general, both noted for their attachment to Russia, should have been named. Of course, as things turn out they were the exact generals to take such a command. In precisely the same spirit of the Prussian war minister was lately dismissed. The whole thing is a mock defiance. Under pretence of a hostile summons to force the Czar from the Principalities, it is a friendly artifice to help him out of them. Even in arming, these German Powers have no pur-

pose but to deceive. They have done nothing, from first to last, that has not been a sham and a pretence.

But surely all confidence in them *must* come to an end, now that their position is clearly defined. They have come forward at last, but it is only to succor Russia in her distress, it is only to pretend to impose upon her a forbearance which they very well know it to be now her policy and her necessity to adopt of her own accord. Let us hope that they may at last, also, be made to feel how fully France

and England understand their pusillanimity and dishonesty. Greatly should we regret if any assent has already been given to Austria's proposal to occupy Montenegro and a portion of either Bosnia or Albania. We might just as well allow the King of Prussia to garrison Athens and hold it for the interests of his imperial brother-in-law, the Czar. A well-timed official statement has just issued from Servia, fully exhibiting the duplicity of Austria, and expressing a fixed resolve to resist any occupation by the troops of that power.

From the Examiner, 27 May.

PEACE AT WHAT PRICE.

THE *Times* informed us the other day that a single mistaken resolution of Sir Robert Peel's on railroads had cost the country at least a hundred millions, and what is worse, that it has left the thing still to be done which he shrunk from doing. We do not think this an exaggerated view of the true state of the case. We, however, blame the public far more than Sir Robert; and our posterity will blame us rather than any minister, if such overtures for the conclusion of the war should be accepted as it appears not improbable may be now proposed.

If this were a war on our part and that of France for aggrandizement, or for necessary defence of our respective commercial or territorial interests, we should say, abandon the former, and as soon as the latter are secured, let the sword be sheathed. But such is not the character of this war. This is a war against the Russian system—a system propounded and developed in the testament of Peter the Great, and which the Czars his successors have, as he exhorted them, regularly and without any deviation carried into action ever since. As he proposes, they have leagued with Austria and Prussia, and absorbed Poland; they have connected themselves by so many alliances with the petty German princes as to become almost their liege lords; they have sown divisions everywhere between the European Powers, great and small, and by the invention of the Holy Alliance have established and widened divisions between princes and their subjects everywhere, until Austria and Prussia have become little more than their vassals; they have mutilated Sweden; and they have done all this and more, not as they happened individually to be men of great ability, as Napoleon, or Cromwell, or Frederick, but as agents of a system which, founded as it is on the nature of society in Asiatic and European Russia, imperiously constrains them successively to uniform action, whether they happen to be

clever or stupid. The function of the Czar is merely to marshal and guide that general propensity of the Tartar race to armed emigration which Peter points out as having, at previous epochs, achieved such great results in human affairs, though aiming at no definite object. Peter defines what that object should be for the future, and points out the means his successors should take for compassing it.

No peace that this or any other Czar can or will make, can or will involve a voluntary abandonment of this system. But France and England can now wrest out of their hands the power to follow it up for the future in the manner they have for the past. The question for the French and English public therefore is, "Shall we wrest this power from their hands now that we have them at an immense disadvantage, or shall we leave them enough of it to enable them in a few years to renew the struggle with us?"

Such, at this moment, is the question on which the French and English, now so happily united, have to decide; and if it is, as we entirely believe, the great governing point, there can be no doubt that the only possible security for future peace lies in their depriving the Czars of the power to prosecute this system for the future. Even the Prime Minister, we imagine, would agree to this, but then he would doubt whether it is the point—he would take a different view of the reality or the tendency of this Russian system. Here he stands on similar ground to that which Sir Robert Peel occupied when he took his disastrous resolution on the railroad question. Sir Robert stood on the threshold of a future, and did not believe it would realize itself into that present which we now deplore. Lord Aberdeen stands similarly on the threshold of a future, and acts as if he believed no repression to be needed in order to render it less dangerous than the past. He may be right, but if he is wrong—how awfully momentous will be the consequences to England, to France, to Europe, to civilization, to mankind, should he accept peace unaccompanied

by that security for its continuance which the destruction of the power of Russia to do future harm can alone afford.

We therefore hold that the paramount interests of the country require this point to be cleared up at once. The nation is entitled to have the means without further delay of judging upon it. Our future prosperity depends upon a right decision in regard to it, in a higher degree than in regard to any other which has occurred in our time. If our ministers are of opinion that there is no future danger to England and to Europe from a peace that shall leave Russia pretty much as she is, let them say so. If they are of a contrary or different opinion, let them announce it. In either case we shall know where we are,—what we are aiming at,—and what we have to do. At present the public is entirely in the dark on these points. We are like children looking out of a window, who expect some procession, of some sort or other, at some time or other, to pass by. We are looking out every day for news from the Black Sea, from the Baltic, from the Danube. What, if we hear to-morrow that Sebastopol is battered down? To what previously defined

object will this be a means or a step? We know not, but we are entitled to know, and we want to learn.

We hope the country will insist on knowing, and at once. It is understood that the session will certainly not extend beyond the latter end of next month. The Houses ought not to separate until we ascertain in a precise and definite manner whether or not it is meant that we should accept a peace that shall leave Russia the power to pursue the course she has taken systematically for the last hundred years. If the ministry is prepared to accept a peace having this character, and the nation acquiesces in its decision, we have nothing further to say. If, on the contrary, it is *not* so prepared, then the sooner France and England proclaim the independence of Poland, and the restoration of Finland to Sweden, the less of our blood shall we shed, and the sooner will a certain and permanent peace be established, bottomed on the only sure ground. Thus alone can the moral sense of the European mind find that repose and satisfaction, which protocols, treaties, congresses, and holy alliances can never give.

From The Examiner, 27 May.

OPERATIONS ON THE DANUBE.

It is reported that the French and English generals at the seat of war have at last agreed upon a plan of active operations, and it is to be hoped that this may promptly be confirmed. After reading the Austro-Prussian treaty, no one can be certain any longer of the precise designs of Russia, or that her armies have any other intention than retreat. But it is our duty to render this retreat a necessity and a disgrace. If we would render the evacuation of the Principalities any security for the future, we must make it in all respects compulsory. We must not in this matter leave even so much opportunity for a boast as was furnished by the dismantling of the guns and the blowing up of the magazines at Odessa.

Whatever is to be done, therefore, ought to be done quickly, seeing that the German Powers have been busy opening posterns for the enemy, and that their decrees for raising armies turn out to be mere covers for his retreat. We are now, it seems, engaged in destroying the Russian forts on the Circassian coast; but it is three months since this was talked of, and full six weeks since it might have been done. Not only the English but the European public is justly impatient for results.

Wherever the Turks have yet had an opportunity on the Danube, the news has been encouraging. It is remarkable how steady

their successes have been, unprovided and unassisted as they have remained until now. Notwithstanding all the blustering and lies of the Russian bulletins, every scheme of Prince Gortschakoff strikingly failed. When at the very commencement, the troops of Omar Pasha took their bold stand behind no very formidable entrenchments at *Oltenitza*, the courage of the Russians failed them. Again at *Kalafat* they were found unable to force hostile breastworks. And there is now no doubt that it was originally the intention of the Russian commander to cross the Danube higher up than *Widdin*, in order to take that fortress in the rear and compel the abandonment of *Kalafat*, when the attempt was resisted by the gallantry of *Ismael Pasha*, so deservedly created *Mushir* the other day. *Ismael* attacked General *Auret* at *Citate*, carried his position, and drove the Russians back to *Krajova* with slaughter and disgrace. So it has been throughout, and so it continues. In the partial rencontres which have since taken place along the Danube, the Turks maintain the superiority. General *Luders* occupies the *Dobrudscha*—but if he cannot advance upon either *Varna* or *Shumla*, if he cannot carry the siege of *Silistria*, if he cannot facilitate the passage of the Danube to the other corps left in *Wallachia*, of what advantage will it have proved to him to have passed with 30,000 men into one of the most unwholesome and unprovided countries of Turkey?

The Russians have their armies on both

sides of the river, in a region where its left bank is one extensive and complete barren swamp, extending from Hirshova to Silistria, with only a narrow road across it at Rassova. The Dobrudscha itself is marshy, barren, and unwholesome, but is nothing in these respects compared with the tract from Hirshova to Silistria. It is impossible for two portions of an army to be in a worse position, and we last week gave terrible proof of the decimation by disease of the ranks of the invaders.

Yet here they have remained inactive for several weeks. The movement at present reported against Silistria might have been made more than a month since. The fact has been obvious all this time that, if they were really in the force that pretended around Bucharrest, and if they had seriously the intention of

passing the Danube for an advance into Bulgaria, the Turks were manifestly not in a position to prevent them, Omar Pasha having concentrated his army at Shumla. The reasonable inference has been, therefore, that the invaders had in reality no serious intention of attack. But in that or in any case it is now for the Anglo-French and Turkish armies to assume the offensive. Austrian or Prussian co-operation they do not want. They are strong enough to fling the Russians behind the Pruth, and to inflict all due punishment upon the Czar; and not to do so would be to connive at the policy of Austria and Prussia, who have been merely feigning disapproval to protect him from disgrace, and to facilitate that retreat to which it is now evident he must be driven.

MUSIC OF THE ESQUIMAUX.—The voices of the women are soft and feminine, and when singing with the men, are pitched an octave higher than theirs. They have most of them so far good ears, that in whatever key a song is commenced by one of them, the rest will always join in perfect unison. After singing for ten minutes, their key usually falls a full semitone; but few of them can catch the tune as played by an instrument, which makes it difficult with most of them to complete the uniting of the notes; for if they once leave off, they are sure to recommence in some other key, though a flute or violin be playing at the time. There is not, in any of their songs much variety, compass, or melody. Unharmonious as they may appear to musical ears, they are pleasing when sung in good time by a number of female voices. The most common is that in which the well known Greenland chorus, "Amna Aya," commences the performance, and is introduced between each verse, constituting five-sixths of the whole song. When the words of the song are introduced, the notes rise a little for three or four bars, and then re-lapse again into the same hum-drum chorus as before, which, to do it justice, is well calculated to set the children to sleep. The words of the composition are as interminable as those of "Chevy Chase;" for the women will go on singing them for nearly half an hour, and then leave off one by one—not with their story, but their breath exhausted. They have a song second in popularity to the preceding, varying from it very slightly in the tune, and accompanied by the same chorus, but with different words. That which ranks third in their esteem is the most tuneful of any of their melodies. The termination, which is abrupt and fanciful, is usually accompanied by a peculiar motion of the head, and an expression of archness in the countenance, which cannot be described by words. There is only one verse in the song, and that, from its commencing with the word "pilletay," is supposed to be a begging one. Of the meaning of their songs in general, from the imperfect knowledge of their language, little is accurately

known. From the occasional introduction of the word "sledge, canoe, spear," and others of that class, it is conjectured that their own exploits, by sea and land, form the principal subjects. The men seldom sing, and probably consider it unmanly. If they sometimes commence, they generally leave the women to finish the ditty. Their province seems rather to invoke the muse of the women at the games.—*Musical Transcript.*

ANECDOTE OF CHIEF JUSTICE ELLENBOROUGH.—Lord Ellenborough, at a large dinner party at the Chancellor's, was seated next to the Countess Lieven, a lady in that age of considerable fashion, but of very lean proportions, and much remarked upon for displaying to an unnecessary degree a neck not lovely to look upon. By some accident the Chief Justice remained unserved, his fair neighbor meanwhile being busy. The host, seeing at last the plight of the hungry and discontented judge, recommended to him some particular dish. "I wish I could get some," growled Ellenborough, casting a savage glance at the angular bust bending over the table at his side, "for I have had nothing before me this quarter of an hour but a raw blade bone."—*New Quarterly Review* for April.

A New and Complete Gazetteer of the United States. By THOMAS BALDWIN and J. THOMAS, M.D. Philadelphia: Lippincott, Grambo, and Co., Trübner and Co., Paternoster row.

One is astonished at turning over the pages of this well-compiled Gazetteer to perceive the immense number of territories, districts, counties, towns, villages, &c., &c., which have received names after the heroes of America. Many pages are filled with Washingtons, Jacksons, Munroes, Madisons, and Adamases, and derivatives from their names, forming perhaps an instructive illustration of the manner in which names have been applied in ancient as well as modern times, and being themselves historical records of no ordinary importance. Information concerning

these different places is essential to foreigners if they wish to know which of the many Washingtons they are reading of in any work or paragraph referring to America; and, therefore, this *Gazetteer* will be very acceptable in Europe, and especially in England. It is minute and elaborate, contains the latest information, including statistics of many places to 1853, and comprises in its 1,300 pages much topographical, statistical, and historical information. It is accompanied by a very distinct map of the States, on

"which are delineated its vast works of internal communication," routes across the continent, &c. It is one of the most useful literary productions we have yet received from the States, though latterly they have sent us many; proving that it was only the necessity of attending to more urgent wants than books, which the old country supplied, that formerly prevented them from rivalling us in this as in so many other departments of art.—*Economist*.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE PLAY BEFORE THE CURTAIN.

"ARE you sure, Sara, your letter for Robert was despatched in proper time?" said the captain, as he entered the breakfast-room simultaneously with his sister the next morning.

"Yes, dear uncle," replied Sara; "Molly put it herself into the post-office: but it probably reached his address when he was from home. He came here last night, but at too late an hour for me to see him."

"Too late for you to see him!" echoed the captain—"why, Sara, what is this? Would you not see poor Bob at any hour of the day or night, if you had not gone to bed?" He looked at her anxiously. She was pale and listless, like one who had not slept.

"I was not very well," replied Sara, in a low voice. Her aunt glided up to her, and putting her arm round her waist with uncomfortable tenderness, whispered:

"Let it be camomile this morning, love!" Sara smiled faintly, and assured them that she was now better, and all impatience to see something of this wonderful London.

"We will first, dear uncle, go to"—Here there was a knock at the street-door, and she stopped abruptly.

"Go where?" asked the captain.

"To—to"—Sara had forgotten; she was motionless, breathless; and when at length the room-door opened, she sat suddenly down in a chair. The sight of Robert reassured her. She watched his meeting with her aunt and uncle, and saw the flush of joy and yearning affection fade instantaneously into habitual paleness. How changed! Stronger, firmer, more noble-looking than ever, he bore, notwithstanding, like an unshaken rock, the tokens of the thunder and the storm. His brow was written over with ineffable memories, and his look seemed without hope as well as without fear. When he turned to Sara, who was behind backs, she rose slowly, and not without some maiden reserve, for she felt that her eyes were full. Robert knew at a glance that he had done her injustice, and his throb of joy was mingled with self-reproach for the feeling which, in his desperate circumstances, seemed ungenerous. And so they met again, this young pair, with a pressure of the hand, a long look, silent lips, and full hearts.

In reply to the captain's questions, Robert explained that he was at a dancing party the evening before, where he had learned acciden-

tally, but not till the night was far advanced, that they were in town. Even then his informant would not give him the address, but compelled him to wait and attend her home.

"To me," added Sara, "she behaved still worse, for she gave me to understand that you had received our letter, but were determined not to sacrifice the evening's amusement."

"And did you believe that, Sara?" said the captain, sternly—"you who have so much sense and thought?"

"I have told you, dear uncle, that I felt unwell." But she had not told him that the gay apparition of the night, with her fluttering ringlets and snowy shoulders, had described Robert as the cynosure of all eyes in the ball-room; and, moreover, that she had included a name in the list of his admirers which made her heart stop and her brain reel, and so rendered her wholly incapable of thought—the name of Claudia Falcontowner. This was in reality what had deprived the country-girl of her night's rest, by closing her mind against all impressions but those of astonishment and terror. It now seemed to her that this must be as untrue as the rest—including the fantastic story of Robert's noble origin, which had somehow gained admission into the ball-room; but still she felt a superstitious oppression whenever the idea recurred to her, and she could not have mentioned that formidable name, if it had been to save her life. However agreeable, therefore, the *éclaircissement* may have been, it did not restore the full unbounded confidence of earlier years, and after a time she saw only too clearly that whatever her own feelings might be, there was something in Robert's manner which rose like a wall between them. So far from being less kind, she saw, on more than one occasion, that there was even passion in his feelings towards her; but a spectre seemed to warn him away whenever he seemed about to fall into the old familiar mode of address; and in walking out, it was always to her aunt he offered his arm, leaving her to the care of the captain.

While they were at breakfast their attention was arrested by a noise of a peculiar kind in the hall as the street-door opened. Some disturbance had taken place. There was shuffling of feet, shrill but choked voices, crying, sobbing, and laughing, and then the noise rolled away and sunk beneath the surface of the earth—probably down the kitchen stairs. When the servant came into the room the captain asked her anxiously whether there was anything the matter.

"It's Miss Jinks, sir," said the girl, "and a visitor."

The veteran pondered.

"Is that the name of our landlady, I wonder?" said he, when she had left the room. "No, it is an old familiar word; I am sure I have heard it somewhere. But she did not say what was the matter with Miss Jinks—I hope there is nothing amiss in the house. Hey, Elizabeth?"

"This is a world of meetings and partings," replied the virgin; "and the one is sometimes as affecting as the other, since the emotions of both receive their coloring from the things of the past. As for names, it is the doctrine of Sumphinplunger"—but here the essay was interrupted by the door opening. Sara and Robert had, in the meantime, exchanged a glance which brought them instantly back to the happiest times of Wearyfoot Common; the young lady's ripe cheeks swelling with suppressed mirth, and Robert's eye kindling up once more with the joyous light of youth.

"You here, too, Molly?" cried he, as the damsel came into the room; and he shook hands with her heartily. Molly's face was radiant with smiles and bedaubed with tears, and as she fixed upon Robert her great round eyes, glistening with a similar moisture, and as full of astonishment as they could hold, he thought to himself that she had grown into a prodigiously fine young woman, with the countenance of a barn-door Hebe, and the figure of a comfortable Juno. Her observation of Robert was not less favorable, and if any doubt of the theory of Mrs. Margery had ever assailed her, it was now given to the winds, once and forever.

"I say, Molly," said the captain, "what was that disturbance in the hall just now about?"

"O sir, replied Molly, "it was only Mrs. Margery come to see me, and to ask about us all."

"But I say, Molly, who is Miss Jinks?"

"O, that's me, sir!" said Molly with her cheeks swelling like half a dozen of Sara's; "that's what they call me in London!"

"So it is you, I declare," said the captain—"I was sure I knew the name!—Bid Margery come in, and we'll tell her ourselves how we are."

"O sir, she can't come in. She left home in such a hurry she hasn't cleaned herself."

"That's very extraordinary!" said the captain; I never knew anything like it but when I was in garrison once in the Peninsula. And then it wasn't exactly a cook that was invisible, but a friar; and he wasn't—no, he wasn't just invisible neither; he rather stuck to me, as it were, he did—in fact, I couldn't get him out of my sight; he haunted me like a shadow, wanted to convert me, I think; but I once knew my catechism when I was a boy, and was determined to stand up for it like a British officer and a loyal subject. And so it was no go; but this friar, you see—What now? You are impatient, Sara? Well, it's a hard case; but I'll tell you the story again, and it's all very natural that you should want to see London now you are in it."

The first thing set about was the transaction of business, and the captain found himself enriched with what appeared to him to be a very considerable sum. The bankrupt himself, how-

ever, was not present at the payment of the dividend, and the clerks replied only with a stare to the veteran's expressions of sympathy. But when he hinted delicately at his wish to return a portion of the money, the joke was received with cordial approbation; his friends had the satisfaction of seeing that he was voted from that moment a famous old file and no mistake, and one young gentleman in a corner ejaculated "Walk-er!" in a tone that produced a general laugh.

"Well," said the captain, a little puzzled, and taking up his hat, "we can settle it all between ourselves. Be sure to give him my kind compliments, and say that if he will take a run down for a week, we'll make a new man of him. We have a capital Common there—a celebrated Common is Wearyfoot Common—and he may march and countermarch in it all day long. Don't make a mistake now, but remember my name is"—

"Walk-er!" cried the young gentleman in the corner, and the captain made his exit in the midst of unanimous applause.

Sara's business was as well settled, and almost as promptly, although the relation who had brought her to the Common was not all at once convinced of the identity of the beautiful young woman who now stood before him and the little pale orphan who had paddled so wofully through the pools of Wearyfoot. Her little inheritance had been so judiciously managed that the amount was now about doubled, and Sara found herself the absolute mistress of property yielding enough to constitute a competent independence for a single lady in her station. When this fact was established, and the writings completed, she looked furtively at Robert; but he was gazing at the blank wall before him, silent and abstracted. She felt hurt, for even her cold relative had paid his congratulations, and the captain at the moment was shaking her hand nervously. Accordingly, when Robert turned round like a man awaking from a dream, he found no consciousness in the looks he sought; the heiress put her arm within her uncle's, walked coldly and gravely away, and left the office without turning her head.

The serious business of their journey being now finished, they got into a vehicle, which transported them to the gayer streets of the town, where, dismounting, the ladies amused themselves with gazing and shopping, while their escort lounged in the rear.

"There is something I want to ask you, Bob," said the captain, "and now is the best time for it. Margery has been putting all sorts of stuff into Molly's head about you, and your brilliant prospects, and your intimacy with a great family, and so on, and I am anxious to know what it all means. Have you really anything opening out before you such as she writes so mysteriously about? and do you know what it is?"

"Surely," replied Robert, "you must be aware that if I knew anything absolutely, you—my earliest friend, to whom I owe even my intellectual being—would be the first to hear of it! But poor Margery is as sanguine as she is loving; and her cousin Driftwood, to whom she is doubtless indebted for the report you allude to,

has no means of obtaining correct information. To say that he has no foundation to proceed upon, would be untrue; but I know nothing absolutely myself; I am now almost afraid to hope, and it may be that even before you leave town, I shall have settled down"—and he smiled sadly—"into a position more befitting the heretofore vagrant of the Common than the guest and intimate of Sir Vivian Falcoutower."

"But can nothing be done to aid you?" said the veteran anxiously. "You know I am now comparatively rich, and if you were to go to law, perhaps"—

"My dear sir, law is out of the question! My claims depend upon favor, not force, and I will never stoop to beg for what is my due."

"You are right, my boy. If the people have no sense of honorable or natural feeling, the less you have to do with them the better. Don't be in a hurry, however—don't condemn them without trial; but if it turns out so, forget your claims, whether they are well or ill founded, and rely upon yourself. But law or no law, you must have money, Bob. I have no use for one-half of this wind-fall, as Sara is now so rich that I don't mean even to make her a present, so, here is your share, old fellow." Robert squeezed the offered hand, and put it away without speaking.

"What! you want? You are too proud—even to me?"

"Believe me," said Robert, huskily, "I should not be too proud to be your servant if you could not afford a hiring! But as for money, I am really in no want of it. I am always able to support myself singly in reasonable comfort, and if fortune has decreed that I am never to be able to do more—why, then, I will not accept at her hands of a single additional luxury!"

At this moment they were joined by Elizabeth and Sara, and when the veteran saw the flushed cheek and radiant eyes of the young girl, who had probably been purchasing some article of female bravery, he could not help contrasting in his own mind her appearance and her position with those of his protégé. His reverie, and the obvious depression of Robert, affected insensibly the spirits of the ladies, and all four pursued their walk in silence through this attractive quarter of the metropolis.

But if the earlier part of the day had been wanting in the enjoyment one expects to find from a visit to London, the evening was to make up for it—for the evening was to be spent at the theatre. It was Sara's first night before the curtain, and as the hour approached, she began to be almost as unquiet as if she was to make her début behind it. The thing most trying to her nerves at the outset was the dress scene; and as she came on from behind through the folding-doors of the parlor, and presented herself to Robert for the first time since she was a girl in evening-costume, she was adorned with so many graceful blushes, superadded to the tasteful elegance of her attire, that the young artist forgot all his miseries in admiration. Then followed Elizabeth in the triumphant dress that had won for her the suffrages of the Wearyfoot hall, but looking so terribly composed that one might have imagined she had forgotten that she was going

anywhere at all. As for the captain, he had been admonished by his sister that regimentals were not the thing in London, and so he appeared on this occasion in the common mourning attire of an English gentleman when he means to make merry.

Robert, whose experience of the theatre was not extensive, had omitted to take places; and when they were set down by their vehicle in the midst of a crowd of elegantly dressed persons, male and female, so dense and so unceremonious as quite to alarm the country girl, they learned for the first time that it was a command-night, that the Queen was to be present. They tried the dress-circle first, but entrance there was out of the question; for the first circle was equally full; but in the second they were at length fortunate enough to obtain places, although only in the corner box next the stage. The novelty of the scene, the crowd, the rush, the pressure, almost took away Sara's breath; but she pressed on, blindly conscious of safety when under Robert's care, and opened her eyes to observation only when seated in the front of the box between the captain and Elizabeth, and with her protector guarding her jealously behind. The scene before, beneath, above her, presented a picture almost sublime as a whole, but merely exciting and amusing when the mind had time to examine it in detail. The young girl looked at first with alarm at the torrent of human figures filling gradually every corner of the house; then she was struck with the almost comic tranquillity of the company in the boxes, in the midst, as it seemed of that rush and roar; and then she was able to syllable the appalling sound from the gallery into words that threw an air of ridicule upon the whole tumult.

The house was at length full. The boxes—all but one next the stage, which was still vacant—were like a parterre of thickly set flowers—the loveliest in the world; the tumultuous sea of heads in the pit subsided into a deep calm; and even the howling gallery was silent in expectation, when all on a sudden the concourse rose simultaneously, the men uncovering their heads, and a terrific shout burst from every corner of the vast building. Sara now observed that a lady and gentleman had come quietly to the front of the before empty box; and as the roar of greeting thundered through the house, the lady—a handsome and elegant but kindly-looking woman—bowed gracefully her acknowledgments. Then the shout died away as suddenly as it had arisen, lost as it seemed, in the swell of the national hymn which rose from the orchestra and stage; and Sara felt the veteran by her side tremble, and saw the tears roll down his cheeks, as he joined inwardly in the burden—"God save the Queen!" She was herself agitated almost to weeping. She had no time to analyze her feelings, but she recognized in the midst of these a sensation of pride swelling in her breast and a deep and sisterly sympathy with every individual of that vast multitude.

"Robert," she said in a broken voice, and turning to him with the frank confiding look and tone of other days, "is not this wonderful?"

"I am glad you are here, Sara," he replied in

the same tone, 'for this is truly a fine and suggestive scene.'

'But what does it mean, Robert? Why do I feel as proud as if I were the sister of that noble lady—whom I can scarcely see for the tears that are standing in my eyes?'

'You will comprehend your feelings by and by, when you have time to think, and you will read in them the solution of more than one social and historical mystery. The principle of cohesion in the feudal regime, in clanship and in free governments, is identically the same: in all, the chief is the head of a system to which the subject as essentially belongs, and the homage of the latter is only a refined and unconscious self-laudation. The Queen belongs to us as much as we belong to her; and that sublime anthem did not arise for her as an individual, but in her mystical character as the representative, or rather the common union, as it were, of us all. This feeling is of course subject to modification. In a free government, a sovereign may divorce himself from public regard by betraying an obvious want of sympathy with his people. This was the case in recent times with an ancestor of the lady for whom your heart is even now yearning—and of a very different nature were the cries that rang in the ears of that unhappy man! But in the instance now before us, where we find public duties nicely understood and conscientiously fulfilled, and in the midst of the splendors of the palace everything we have been taught to love and honor in domestic life, our feelings of natural loyalty, as it is called—loyalty to ourselves—not only receive free play, but are to a certain extent exaggerated by our confounding unconsciously the princess with the woman.'

The play was a comedy, and afforded to our country girl a novel and fascinating entertainment. But the absorbing interest it had for the captain, and the remarks in which he gave vent to his feelings, were a drama in themselves, and as amusing as the other. He was particularly struck with a passion contracted at second-hand by one of the personages, from his friend's description of his sister, whom the former had never seen; and it was obvious from his manner that he was afraid the episode would distress Elizabeth. That the virgin did indeed feel it, was clear from the faint color that rose into her waxen cheeks; and she was seen during the rest of the performance to pay marked attention to the incomings and outgoings of the actor who recalled to her memory the great event of her own life-drama.

At the end of the play, the royal party left the theatre, and the boxes immediately began to thin. Our visitors would not be out of the fashion; and, at any rate, a five-act comedy had given them about as much of this kind of amusement as they wanted at a time. The crush was not so eager when they were going out as it had been when they were coming in; but still the crowd was dense enough to make their progress through the lobbies and down the stairs extremely slow. The captain led the march, piloting his niece, and Robert followed, making way for Elizabeth, who came close behind him. When they were not very far from the place of egress, Sara em-

ployed herself in gazing with much interest at the company descending an opposite stair. They appeared to have come from the dress-circle, and were either not so numerous, or were more ceremonious in their sortie, for she could see to full advantage a very lovely young person, who looked like the queen of them all, and who was surrounded by gentlemen, vying with each other in obtaining for her free passage. Sara, indeed, could have believed that she was the Queen herself, had she not known that Her Majesty had already retired by another egress.

The young lady was in the middle of the stair, descending in this regal state, and so slowly, that Sara had abundant time to study a portrait the most exquisite she had ever seen. She was certainly not above the middle height of woman—not so tall as Sara herself; but there was a queenly dignity in her air and carriage, which seemed to command as much as it attracted. The dignity, however, was not assumed; it seemed a natural manner exhibiting itself, as it were, above a simplicity as natural, while a strange radiance was flung by the most remarkable eyes in the world over features that would have been radiant of themselves. Her dress, though rich, was fastidiously simple; and her magnificent hair descended in clustering ringlets upon shoulders, in the chiselling of which nature seemed to have realized the ideal.

While Sara gazed, from the same level as the object of her admiration, she was unconscious that she herself presented a portrait as remarkable in its way; but the look of admiring surprise she observed in the stranger as their eyes met, and she felt herself shone on as if by a glare of sunlight, sent a flush of modesty to her face, strangely mingled with alarm. The next moment the lady had observed Robert, who was behind, and apparently not belonging to Sara's party, and singled him out with a look of intelligence, followed by a graceful bend of recognition. This was succeeded, when the two descending streams came nearer each other, by a look, or gesture—she could not tell which—of beckoning; and Robert, making his way past her, and through the almost obsequiously yielding crowd, received into his hand of this remarkable person, while a few words of familiar greeting passed between them. Sara grew blind. Supported by her uncle, she groped her way through the crowd, and had hardly returned to recollection when she found herself seated in a vehicle, with all her companions of the evening, and on the way back to the lodgings.

'Who was that prodigiously fine girl you were speaking to?' said the captain, as they drove off.

'Miss Falcontower.' The answer was not requisite for Sara. The moment she was shone upon by the remarkable eyes, she felt her presence, and knew that it would stand forever between her and the sun.

When they reached home, the ladies retired to take off their shawls, and the captain ordered supper. Robert cheerfully consented to stay, for his brief interview with Claudia had revived his hopes. Her manner had been kind, her glance confidential: it looked as if she had something to say, and would have said something

but for the surrounding crowd. Was it possible that under this fair exterior there could lurk the knowledge that her father had been paltering so long with his hopes, and robbing him of that time which was life? When Sara came into the room, he met her with a brighter, franker look than she had seen him wear in London; but on observing hers, it changed into one of surprise and grief. She was pale and inanimate; and the hand he had taken in the old friendly way felt cold and dead. Both her uncle and aunt observed the change with alarm; but she answered their inquiry in the stereotyped form.

'Only a little headache.' How often the heart lays its grief upon the head! Their love, however, was not to be deceived. The business of the day, and the excitement of the evening, had been too much for her; they were sure she was seriously unwell; and she must at once go to bed. Robert joined in the entreaty; and although attempting to smile at their fears, she complied, and was doubtless glad to do so. Upon this he abandoned his intention of staying supper, although Molly was now bringing in the tray; and pressing the dead hand once more in his, he instantly left the house.

'Sara,' said the captain, as she was retiring, 'you will be glad to hear what I have to tell you, and will sleep the better for it: it is all true what Molly here has heard about poor Bob. I have it on his own authority, although he did not know exactly how it was to turn out. But that prodigiously fine girl we saw on the stair is one of those who are interested in the result; and it was easy to see, from the knowing glance she gave him, and the bright look of her face, that things are going on well, although she had no opportunity to give him the news. Bob himself, you must have observed, was satisfied of this, for that sunshiny look made a new man of him. He returned to his own Wearyfoot self the moment their hands met; and it was only your illness, Sara, that struck the brightness from his eye. Now, good-night, darling; sleep soundly, and be quite well to see Bob when he comes in the morning.—Hey, Molly, what is the matter with you? Set down the things, girl, and don't stand staring with your great eyes after Miss Sara, as if she was a phenomenon. Have you heard anything more about it?'

'O no, sir, not I; thanks be to goodness, I hear as little of such doings as I can!'

'Why, what's in the wind now? I thought you were quite a friend of Mr. Robert's?'

'O no, sir, not I, thank goodness, nor of any of his false sect!'

'Mercy on us! has the baker been deceiving you?'

'I scorn the baker, sir, and his whole batch; and I'll follow Miss Sara, and go on my knees to her to scorn them all too. Master Robert is not worthy to look across a ten-acre field at her—that's what he ain't; and I'll tell him as much to his face! And Molly, with flushed cheek and flashing eyes, swept indignantly out of the room, leaving behind, for the free use of the captain, her whole stock of astonishment.

CHAPTER XV.

SECRETS OF THE STUDIO.

ROBERT WAS not in the habit of intentionally consulting his pillow. When in need of advice, he betook himself to the silent stars, as they were seen from lonely roads or deserted streets, and reached home sufficiently, jaded in body to have some chance of rest. On the present occasion it was well on to the dawn before he let himself in with his noiseless key, and glided to his solitary room; but although he had walked a very considerable number of miles since parting from his Wearyfoot friends, the pillow was still importunate: it would hear, from beginning to end, what the stars had said, and it had its own suggestions and counsels to offer without number. Worn out at length, the adventurer did enjoy an hour's sleep; and then the thousand sounds of a London morning awoke him to the toils and heart-strivings of a new day.

His resolution, however, was taken. The review he had made of his London life was more unsatisfactory than ever; and he looked with dismay at the gulf there was now between him and the buoyant, high-spirited aspirant of the world who had presented himself, for the first time, in Driftwood's studio. He could not conceal from himself that his independence and self-reliance had already received damage—that he was fast sinking into the mere conventional man, who circles in his own small orbit, and when unsuccessful there, drops and perishes, as if there was no other space for life or death in the universe. If the new caprice of Claudia—for both stars and pillow had now advised him to distrust her—was to pass away like the others, in what position would he find himself? Precisely where he was when he scanned for the first time the windows of the metropolis, to seek out in them the clue to some mechanical calling, in which he might live for the present and prepare himself for a higher effort. This must have an end—and here. He would, that very day, bring Sir Vivian Falcontower to an explanation; and, strange as his absence might appear to the Semple family, he would delay for some hours seeing them till the crisis of his fate was past. It was impossible, however, to commence the business of the day before ascertaining how Sara was; and at an early hour he took his way to the lodgings in Great Russell Street.

Molly was already astir; but when he obtained speech of her, he found her as crusty as the baker's loaves. Miss Sara, she said, had rested very well; why shouldn't she—there was nothing on her conscience, she hoped. How was her headache? Oh, the headache was very well too—at least it would be when she rung her bell; how could she tell before then? A headache might be another thing; but a headache was nothing, if people would only let it alone, and not dose other people with Miss Heavystoke's mixtures, that made them not know the taste of their own mouths for a month.

"Well, Molly," said Robert, "I see you are out of humor; but that won't last long, if you are the same Molly I knew at Wearyfoot. Just say, if you please, that I shall be here again as early in

the forenoon as possible : before then, I have to get through some important business ;" and he turned away with an air so proud yet so desolate, that Molly was sorry for her crustiness, but afraid to call him back, and so she stood looking after him with her great round eyes till he passed out of sight.

Sir Vivian, he knew, was not to be seen till eleven at the earliest ; and to pass the time, he called, when the morning was further advanced, at the studio in Jermyn Street. Driftwood, he thought, received him somewhat stiffly, and apologized more loftily than usual for the absence of his boy. The artist, however, was getting on swimmingly in the guinea-portrait speculation, and was even now expecting a sitter.

"I should owe you something for that idea," said he, "had you not balanced the account by depriving me of the countenance of Sir Vivian Falcontower."

"I deprive you of the countenance of Sir Vivian!"

"To be sure. I thought to do you good by mentioning your expectations ; and now, when the game is all up, he turns round upon me as if I had tried to swindle him."

"Mr. Driftwood," said Robert seriously, "I don't understand you ; I beg you to explain yourself."

"Why, that's just what I can't do. I dare say you might, after all, be only amusing yourself with Margery ; but she took it all seriously, and said so much to me about the flourishing fellow you were going to turn out, that I couldn't help putting in my spoke to give you a hitch on. Did you not observe what a high mightiness they made of you at the ball ? and yet I danced three times more than you, not to talk of the manner of dancing—and most of them had seen my Robin Hood !" and he pointed grandly to a facsimile of the sign, laid upon canvas in the true out-of-doors style.

"And so," said Robert, "out of some sanguine expressions of poor Margery—based, perhaps, upon hints I was unconscious of myself—you constructed one of your miserable daubs, and tried to palm it upon Sir Vivian for a true picture!"

"Keep your temper, Oaklands ; you don't know pictures yet—you were too short a time under me. The world will one day do justice to my daubs ; and in that day the price of my Holy Family, two pound twelve, will be written with the pound after the figures!"

"Forgive me, Driftwood, I did not mean to hurt your feelings ; but I am vexed, maddened, and hardly know what I say."

"Well, well, my boy, you will come to know high art in time. But let me just give you a hint for your own good, not to be coming the grandee over us again. You have an enemy, I can tell you, who follows in your track, and paints it all out. His name is Seacole."

"Seacole!"

"Yes ; he is hand-in-glove with Sir Vivian and his daughter. He is going to marry the young lady, and won't stand your having any expectations whatever."

"From whom did you hear this?"

"From Mr. Slopper, one of Sir Vivian's household ; and he had it from Mr. Poring, Mr. Seacole's individual."

"I thank you. It is important information ; so conclusive, indeed, that I would not take the trouble of going now to Sir Vivian—only it must not be said that I have an enemy without confronting and defying him."

"Take care, take care, my boy ! Small people don't get on in this world by defying great."

"Because small people have not the manliness to be true to themselves ; I am one of the forlorn-hope." Here the bell rung.

"That rascally boy!" cried Driftwood—"never mind, I must just open myself." Robert was sorry he had waited, when in a minute or two the artist returned, ushering in the same young lady who had paid him such marked attentions at Mrs. Doubleback's party. On seeing him she gave a pretty little scream :—

"You naughty man," said she ; "how you did frighten me ! Who could have expected to meet you here—on this particular spot of all the habitable globe ? Isn't it strange ? I declare I don't understand it—it seems like a dream, or like something that happens in a novel. I am quite nervous."

"I should not guess that from your fresh and wholesome looks."

"Ah, there you are again ! Do you talk so to all the poor girls whom destiny throws in your way ? Do you think I have forgotten what you said to me at the ball ? I only hope that great clumsy Miss Doubleback did not overhear it, for her eyes were fixed on us as if she was thinking—I wonder what she was thinking ! Heigh-ho !" and the young lady sighed.

"Miss Bloomley," said the artist, "I have just now been thinking, and pondering, and now I have got hold of it. I remember clearly that I did tell you my friend Mr. Oaklands was here almost every"—

"Tush ! who cares what you think or tell ? For my part, I never listen to a word you say."

"And that if you came to have your portrait taken, you would!"

"Fiddle, faddle ! Why don't you set to work then, now I am here, instead of calling to mind your saying things that nobody ever heard a word of?"

"I beg pardon, miss ; I only thought you would be glad to have the mistake cleared up. I am sure Mr. Oaklands considers himself in great luck to be in the way to see you. Don't you, Oaklands?"

"Yes, I do," replied Robert, "for I want to explain to Miss Bloomley that you, who talk so boldly of other people's mistakes, are very apt to be mistaken yourself. Mr. Driftwood has doubtless told you of certain expectations he assumed me to have, and has given you to understand that one of these days I shall be quite a great rich personage. Now, our friend did not intend to deceive, but merely suffered his imagination—and no doubt, his good-nature—to run away with him. There is not one word of truth, however, in the story. I am a mere adventurer on the world, without family, without a surplus shilling in my pocket, and without the prospect

of one that is not earned by my own industry.' Miss Bloomley, when he began to speak, looked at him with great wondering eyes, that seemed to dilate as he went on, the color at the same time mounting into her face; and by the time he concluded, her cheeks were red-hot, and her eyes full of tears that glistened without falling. The Londoners, high and low, are remarkable for generous feeling, and this young lady was a true Londoner.

'You are greater than he told,' said she, with a quivering voice—'you have the spirit of a man—and that's better than being a nobleman!' Robert bade her good-by with a smile and a pressure of the hand, which she returned with a good, hearty, natural, unsentimental shake.

Robert walked straight to the mansion of Sir Vivian Falcontower, pondering as he went, on the seeming fatuity that had thrown him into the power of his school enemy. He had ousted this enemy, by means of a timely warning, from the good graces of Sara; and now Seacole, in turn, and by similar means though different in character, had deprived him of the patronage of Claudia. But how stood the account? Altho' he had, perhaps, saved Sara from an uncongenial marriage, he had appropriated her affections himself, and they must now be unwound from their object, if they were her very heart-strings; he had prevented Seacole from entering into a union for which he, as well as his bride, was unfit, and by so doing, had preserved him for an alliance the most flattering imaginable to his vanity and ambition; and having thus played his part in the world, the vagrant of the Common was now to subside into his original obscurity. These meditations were still in progress, even while he was asking the question mechanically: "Is Sir Vivian at home?" but they were brought to an abrupt conclusion by the reply: "Not at home, sir."

Only a few minutes before, this consummation could not have been looked for by one who was privileged—as the reader is—to behold, invisible himself, the secrets of the study. The study was a smaller apartment opening from the bookroom, or library; and here Claudia awaited the coming of that insolent young man who had of late thrust himself so much into her thoughts, and given rise to so many outbreaks of a usually equable, or at least manageable temper. On this occasion, the sun, not the lightning, was playing on her face. She seemed to be full of memories of the evening before—with its music, its smiles, its gems, its grandeur; and of the last scene more especially in which she herself had performed, descending the stairs in queenly state, and amid the homage of the obsequious crowd, yielding her soft hand, heroine-like, to the warm, manly clasp of the hero of the moment. It was an interesting picture for one who, like Claudia, had an eye for art; but it would be too curious to inquire how much of the vanity of the woman mingled with the admiration of the connoisseur.

At all events it was clear that she indulged in some friendly feeling towards the actor who had supported her so well. The table was prepared for him with more than the care of a secretary.

The books, the paper, the pen and ink, were scrupulously arranged; the chair was set for him at the proper angle; the fire was chastened so as to produce a summer warmth; the curtain was tutored into the admission of just light enough for convenience, and not a ray for glare. Not that all this was done at once. Claudia was prodigiously clever; but she could not work miracles. She shifted the things again and again before she got them into their proper places; then she looked at the pendule on the mantel-piece; then she stepped lightly again to the table, but this time it was only a trifle that was wanted: one of the pens had somehow got a little across another (an unlucky position), and she placed them side by side. At length there was heard a knock at the street-door. It was distant and indistinct, but she knew it well; and straightway, as if conjured by the sound, she subsided—not suddenly, or in a flurry—but softly, smoothly, naturally, into the cold but graceful impassibility of her usual self. She did not even look towards the door of the room; but nevertheless she knew, without turning her eyes, that it opened on its noiseless hinges, and that her father entered—alone.

Sir Vivian took the chair that had been prepared for another, and Claudia sat down in her usual place at the table, opposite to him, and with her back to the window.

"Mr. Oaklands," said her father, "was not here yesterday, and for some days he has not seemed to relish his work as usual. This shows that we approach the end."

"He was here this morning—now," remarked Claudia quietly. "I heard his knock."

"True. I ordered them to say not at home, for before we see him again I want to talk to you. I think I have detected the young fellow in a stratagem, and, clever as he undoubtedly is, he must not be allowed to suppose he has got the whip-hand of us. You remember that romantic story of Driftwood's I mentioned? Well, it turns out to be all false: the only mystery connected with the young man relates to the parish he has a claim upon. He is the natural son, it seems, of some low woman—a menial servant, I think—and an impoverished half-pay captain."

"From whom had you this?" demanded Claudia, almost sternly.

"From Mr. Seacole."

"Oh!"

"Why do you say 'Oh!' so contemptuously? I want to talk to you about Seacole too: he has formally craved my permission to pay his addresses to you, and besought my influence in favor of his suit."

"And you have promised it?"

"To be sure I have. My promise binds you to nothing; and if the worst comes to the worst—for you know, Claudia, this cannot go on much longer—Seacole is a likely young fellow enough, of an ancient family, and with a competent estate."

"Well, well, let us get through one subject at a time. I saw the two only once together, and paid no special attention to them; but now I can recall the look that passed between them,

and I venture to say that Mr. Seacole and Mr. Oaklands are enemies."

"And what of that?"

"Only that the information you may receive from one concerning the other is not to be looked upon as exactly above suspicion."

"Certainly not, if there was any motive for misrepresentation. The two individuals in question, however, cannot be supposed to clash in any way. Seacole, in fact, knows very little of the history of Oaklands; for although they were brought up in the same neighborhood, their rank was too different to admit of free intercourse till they met again at school. He refers me to his servant, who served at the time in the very house where the boy was taken to live with his reputed father, and I expect the man every instant." While he still spoke, there was a tap at the room-door, and permission being given, Mr. Poringer walked slowly and sedately in, and coming to a halt near the table, drew himself up, and stood there tall and still, looking very like a figure carved in wood by somebody who had forgotten the joints and did not know how to round off the corners.

"I have sent for you," said sir Vivian, "to ask you a few questions respecting an individual in whom I feel an interest. His name is Robert Oaklands—do you know anything of his origin?"

"He originated, sir, in Wearyfoot Common, where he found me one evening in the mist."

"You mean that you found him, I presume?"

"No, sir, I would not find a boy on account: I have an objection to it, I have. He found me, sir, and followed me home to Semple Lodge."

"And what then?"

"Nothing more, sir. The boy merely remained, and Captain Semple brought him up like one of the family."

"Was there no inquiry made about the boy's parentage—no information given to the parish officers?"

"No, sir; there was nothing said to nobody. The rector, and several of the ladies about the Common, made some inquiry at first, but they heard nothing that pleased them; and so, since things could not be helped, they said nothing more about it."

"Why was he called Oaklands?"

"That was the name of the—the—woman in the kitchen, whom the boy stated to be his mother, and who never denied it."

"And the other name—Robert?"

"Bob, sir, Bob was his other name."

"Was that the name of Captain Semple?"

"No, sir; I did not approve of his getting the captain's name—it was bad enough without that. I considered that he had no call to more than Bob, Bob being almost Boy—no name at all to speak of."

"What has become of Captain Semple and his establishment?"

"The captain, sir, was ruined by the failure of his agent, and by his sister and niece coming upon his hands; his brother was a poor man, sir, with a large family of course, as poor men always has. I hear they are all in town now, sir;

and so is the woman, who gets her living by washing, or something of that sort. Large family there too—the Boy and all, for of course he lives with his mother. Driftwood, a painter, in Jermyn Street, is to be pitied among them, for he can't disown his cousins."

"Then Driftwood is related to them?"

"Yes, sir; all the rest, I believe, is the lower classes—and he ain't much to speak of. The woman Oaklands lives in Hartwell Place, Kensington Gravel Pits: last door in the row, no thoroughfare, market gardens in front." This being all the evidence he could give, Mr. Poringer was dismissed.

"You see, Claudia," said Sir Vivian, "the scheme was better got even than I supposed. I really did not give Driftwood credit for so much *nous*; and as for Oaklands, why, he is quite a master. To think of a young fellow like him hanging on here so long, dressing and behaving like a gentleman, meeting in society some of the first persons in the kingdom, and concealing the whole time, with a fortitude quite heroic, that at home he burrowed among countless relations, watching hungrily and eagerly the result of his enterprise!"

"To be silent when no questions are asked," said Claudia, whose face was flushed, as if from sitting too near the fire, "is not concealment."

"But perhaps," went on her father, "the young fellow is wiser still in his generation. There being no ties of legitimacy to bind him to his family, it may have been his intention—the thing is not uncommon in the world—to cling to his relatives only till he could do without, and then, when he had reached the mark of his ambition, to withdraw quietly from a circle that"—

"No!—there you are mistaken," cried Claudia, rising suddenly from her chair; "he had no intention of the kind! You do not know the man as I do; you have not watched him, day after day, with doubt and wonder on your mind giving place at last to settled conviction. When the time came, and his fortune was established, he would have insisted upon bringing his brothers and sisters into this room; he would have taken his frail mother to court if it were possible; he would have stood up for and by them; and if hissed, hooted, and pelted out of society, he would have retreated backwards—backwards—shielding them from harm, and with his proud eyes fixed upon his pursuers!"

"Claudia! is this acting?"

"Why, would it not be a sight to see! The squat, lean, vulgar children, stumbling along, well fed and well dressed—the coarse, red-armed, gin-drinking washerwoman, flaunting in silks and satins, and bobbing her awkward courtesies—and all hanging upon the neck and entangling the feet of the son and brother, the man of genius, the elegant scholar and accomplished gentleman!"

"All that is true, Claudia; but you sketch so vividly, you startle me. What is it to you, what is it to us, that this should be so? You seem, notwithstanding your ridicule, to pity the young man?"

"Just as I pity the naturally lame, blind, or humpbacked: low connections are for one con-

stituted like him a still worse calamity. But, settle with him how you may, remember we must now have done with him; yes, papa, done with him—done with him—done with him! Why, I should not wonder if some of the ragged crew were at the door of the theatre last night, and saw me, surrounded by half the nobility in town, stop to shake hands with him as if he was a prince! And the other day at the Royal Academy, is it not more than probable that among the crowd at the steps was the washerwoman herself, gazing at Claudia Falcontower leaning on the arm of her son? the washerwoman—think of that—smoking from the suds, steaming with gin! is it not rich?—Ha, ha!” and she laughed, absolutely laughed, perhaps for the first time since she was a girl! The sound was musical, as clear as a bell, but nevertheless it shocked Sir Vivian, and he looked at his daughter with wonder and dismay.

Another tap at the door; and it was scarcely replied to when a servant entered hastily, and presented a letter to Sir Vivian. The baronet looked at it for some moments, as if unwilling to remove it from the curious antique salver on which it lay; but at length he took it up slowly, and the man left the room.

“A telegraphic despatch, Claudia,” said he, lingering on the syllables—“and from Luxton Castle.” He opened it with some nervousness, and then dropping the paper upon the table, covered his eyes with his hands. Claudia sank into her chair, and fixed a long, blank look upon her father, while the flush forsook her face, which grew gradually as white and rigid as marble. As gradually the rigidity softened, although the pallor remained, and some natural tears rolled, one by one, from her before dry and glistening eyes.

“My poor uncle!” said she; and she gazed mournfully upon Sir Vivian, forgetting to wipe the moisture from her eyes.

A dead silence ensued; which was at length broken by Claudia, who spoke more in the tone of soliloquy than as if addressing her father.

“And this is life,” said she, “this is the world! Go where we will, do what we may, dig, delve, soar, it is all one: in a few years comes the end—and the end is death! What is the use of our care, our labor, our sacrifices? Of what consequence are the inequalities of fortune that are presently to be shovelled down to a level by the sexton’s spade? The grandeur we admire is but the nodding plume of the hearse; the ensign of nobility is only the hatchment on the wall; all we love and loathe are linked inseparably together: the smile of the lip, the grin of the skull—beauty and delight, corruption and horror—pride and ambition, dust and ashes!” Her arms fell lifeless by her sides, her head drooped upon her bosom; and the beautiful Claudia looked almost ghastly in her sudden desolation.

“Don’t give way,” said Sir Vivian, recovering; “our grief is of no use to the dead; so let us look at the bright rather than the dark side of things. Remember, Claudia, you are now the Honorable Miss Falcontower, and I am Lord Luxton!”

CHAPTER XVI.

THE OLD LOVE AND THE NEW.

THE next morning Robert called again on Sir Vivian Falcontower. Lord Luxton he was told was dead; the family had left town, and might be absent for some time; there was no letter or message for him. The crisis was then past. His fantastic speculation had failed; the fascinating smile of Claudia was nothing more than an ignis-fatuus; and her father was a—right honorable. He must now be once more a hand-worker; stealing from the night sufficient time for the labor of the brain, and awaiting patiently the slow course of events. Patiently! Robert was no philosopher, and no hero. With one half of what he had been virtually promised, and by Sir Vivian’s own admission had fairly earned, Sara might have been his! She loved him—this he devoutly believed, for in her noble nature there was no guile and no faltering; she would even consent to descend from her position to his, battle by his side with a courage as high as his own, and more hopeful, and waste her young and promising life in an obscure struggle for the means of subsistence. He knew now the strength of his hopes by the wrench with which they parted from his heart. The dream he had indulged during his compact with Sir Vivian, dim and indefinite at the time, was now seen distinctly for a moment—like a sinking ship revealed by lightning—before it disappeared for ever; and when it was gone, the world seemed to have passed away, and he felt as if standing alone in the immensity of space.

Misty—misty—misty was the Common through which he wandered as he turned away from Sir Vivian’s door. There were voices around, but they had no articulate sound for him; figures glided past, but they were shadows, without form and void; the rain beat once more on his uncovered head, and the pools of Wearyfoot plashed beneath his feet; but the only tears that now blinded his eyes were large drops of sweat that had rolled over his cold brow.

While Robert was pursuing his metaphorical journey, making his way to Great Russell Street as long as possible, that he might have time to recover from the shock he had received, the family were waiting his arrival to get his escort to some more of the sights of London. Elizabeth was in her own room. The captain and Sara were in the parlor, the former employed in spelling through the morning newspaper in his usual straightforward way, and now in the midst of the deaths.

“I declare,” cried he, “here is Lord Luxton dead! That is the brother of Sir Vivian Falcontower, and one of Bob’s friends. I wonder if he has left him anything—no, not a penny, I’ll be sworn. Do you know Sara—talking of that—I was quite grieved the other day to see you come out of the shop with Elizabeth, so happy, so fresh, so rich looking; you had been buying the handsome what-d’ ye-call-ems for your hair, and I assure you it quite made my heart ache: no easy matter to do, you know, for the heart of an old soldier grows into cast iron.”

"And why, dear uncle, should you be grieved at my even looking happy?"

"Why, didn't you see? There was poor Bob, like one of the monuments in Westminster Abbey, so pale and still they are, and with eyes that don't seem to see what they are looking at. And as proud and stuck-up, too, was Bob, and as hard as the marble they are made of: he had just refused his share of my windfall, and he grasped the hand that had the money in it like a vice, and put it away without speaking. No, you shouldn't have looked that way, Sara! What a thing it is that the poor fellow has no father to do anything for him, and that he won't let me stand in his father's stead."

"He loves you like a son," said Sara softly.

"I know that—there's just the hardship: he would fight for me, starve for me, die for me; but when it comes to money, then he remembers that there is no blood of mine in his veins, and he will not let me be a father. What could have made him so proud?"

"Nature," replied Sara. "Many of us are born with good and great qualities that never come to light for want of circumstances to develop them. In Robert they have all germinated, and among the rest that manliness which is often erroneously called pride."

"But what is to be done, Sara? If circumstances, in which I have so great a part myself, have made him a gentleman in spirit, can I look on and see him a mechanic in station? What I offered him, I allow, would do but little permanent good—still it would enable him at least to carry on the war handsomely among those proud people who are at present hesitating as to whether they will own him or not; and it would put him more on a footing with that prodigiously fine girl we saw, who is now an honorable, and of course rolling in wealth; and who knows what might happen? This, however, is only a dream, that might come true by chance, or might not, for he is not one to disguise himself in externals, and set up for a fortune-hunter; but Bob is a clever fellow—a prodigiously clever fellow—and if he had a bit of real capital to start with, he might mount like a rocket. That's what I have been thinking of; that's what has taken away my night's rest; and if we could only hit upon some scheme to make him consider what he gets his own and use it as such, I see my way well enough to perform the duty that devolved upon me when I gathered in that poor boy out of the mist of Wearyfoot Common!" The veteran's face glowed as he spoke, and Sara felt her eyes fill as she looked at him. His hair had whitened a good deal, and his still delicate complexion and soft blue eyes were no longer concealed by the mass of shadow once thrown upon them by his iron-gray whiskers, beard, and eyebrows. It was vain for the captain now to affect the ogre. His real nature was detected through all disguises; and the very blindest saw in his expression the spirit of a gentleman mellowed by the simplicity of a child, and the gentleness of a woman.

"Now, Sara," continued he, "you will perhaps think me selfish; you will suppose the old cam-

paigner is at his tricks, and wanting to indulge himself at the expense of another. But I have sounded Elizabeth, and she sees no objection—she rarely does, you know, when there's nothing against her hypotenuses—and the only one I have now to consult is you. You see, my lass, I have not myself a great deal of money. There is only what is left of the amount that was saved up for the commission, and the windfall I got t'other day, besides the other dividends that are to come: that is not anything like enough. And so—you see, Sara, you are a great rich woman: still you mustn't think me selfish; I hope it is not that; I am almost sure it is not that!"

"I will swear it is not that!"

"Ah! you are a good girl, a kind-hearted girl, a generous, high-spirited girl: I think you will excuse me when I explain it. And so!"

"Uncle, speak out! Your hesitation distresses—almost insults me. Surely you cannot expect opposition from me! Only tell me what, when, how, for I consent before you ask!"

"Well, well, I was sure it would be so. The thing is this. You know Elizabeth is to be my heir, and you of course hers. But a single lady of small income doesn't want a large house, does she? Not very badly, I think. A cottage would do, wouldn't it? I think it would. And Elizabeth thinks so too. Poor Elizabeth! she is always so noble, so disinterested; and since you take after her, Sara, why the business is settled. What I want to do is to sell the Lodge." Sara did not expect this, for if the good captain had a pride upon earth his pride was the Lodge: she seemed struck dumb for a moment; and then throwing herself upon the veteran's neck, she gave vent to a passionate burst of tears.

"Don't take on so," said the captain working hard to keep in the rebellious drops. "I would not have thought of taking this advantage of her, unless I had now wherewith to insure my life to make up for it so far as money goes. But she is a noble creature, isn't she, our Elizabeth? Poor soul! and she so fond of the house, and the name, and the garden, and the walks behind it! But never mind, we'll be all the more kind to her in the cottage; we'll lighten the sacrifice in every way in our power; and make her so comfortable that at last she will forget the Lodge altogether, or at least only think of it softly and dimly as she thinks of poor Mollison."

All this being settled, the important question was, how to get the intended gift palmed upon Robert as something that was his own? The sum contemplated was a thousand pounds; and with this wealth at his back, the captain fancied his protégé might defy the world. Even Sara was not slow to be persuaded of the fact, for her knowledge of money was founded solely on the experience she had acquired in the economical housekeeping of Semple Lodge; but in regard to the schemes proposed by the captain for blinding Robert to the nature of the windfall, she was far more difficult. One after another she dismissed as impracticable, and ended by begging her uncle to leave the subject, in the meantime, to her consideration. There was no hurry, she argued, for a few days; and, at any rate, nothing

could be done in it till they were just leaving town, for they would be sure to betray themselves by their looks when questioned by Robert.

"So, dear uncle," she continued, "you must, for the present, merely beat time. Since you have taken me into consultation, you should not stir a step without my knowledge. May I depend upon this? Do you give me your promise?"

"Of course I do. I will, in the meantime, merely see about the title-deeds, and so on, and put the thing in train, so that as soon as we hit upon a plan, the sale can be effected."

"Even that will be imprudent. We shall be much with Robert, you know; and as he is not aware of any private business you can have to transact in London, the least motion on your part will ultimately lead to detection. Promise me, dear uncle, that you will do nothing before consulting further with me—nothing to which I am not a party myself. Only promise me this—do!" Sara spoke eagerly, and with a flushed face, and the veteran looked at her with anxiety.

"I promise," said he, "and that is enough. But I don't like your appearance, Sara: your cheeks are burning, your eyes have a hot light, and your manner is feverish. You are not well yet. We must get everything over as fast as possible, and go back to Wearyfoot. For my part, I wish now we had never left it; we could have managed our business well enough through some lawyer fellow; and even Bob's money would have come to him less suspiciously if we were at a distance. All we have got by coming here is seeing the play; Elizabeth does not look as if she knew she was out of her own parlor; Molly is as cross as two sticks, and flings about like a mad drum-major of ours, with a name as like her own as if they were twins; a name—no, not exactly in one syllable; in fact it was rather a long name than otherwise—a very long name: but—here comes Elizabeth, looking as if she couldn't help it, and didn't care."

Robert's walk had restored his firmness; and when he presented himself that forenoon to his country friends, they even thought from his manner that he had heard satisfactory news. To their inquiries, he replied merely that in consequence of the sudden death of Lord Luxton, the Falcontower family had left town. To Sara he spoke kindly, but not familiarly, and took no notice whatever of the peculiarity in her appearance that had been observed by her uncle. This peculiarity gradually disappeared; the hot light died in her eyes; and a cold, still reserve mantled over the whole expression. She, likewise, spoke kindly—but distantly. It might have seemed that a gulf of deep smooth water was between them, over which their voices were wafted melodiously to the ear, but inarticulate to the heart.

Sara, too, was resolved. It was clear to her that Robert had fallen, she knew not how, under the dominion of that terrible Claudia, whose image had so long haunted her. It was clear that he had struggled; that he had yielded; that he felt remorse; that at times, in the absence of the enchantress, a dying gleam of the old passion shot up in his heart and in his eyes; and that his whole bearing to her was characterized by

the stern unbending honor of his character. There were moments, however, when she thought he did not love Claudia; that in some fated moment ambition had aided the spells of her beauty and her genius; and that he had fallen into toils from which it was at once impossible and dishonorable to escape. But whichever of these hypotheses was the true one, Sara's course was clear. She would not be an object of pity—on that she was resolved—unless she died in the struggle to conceal her feelings; and, guiltless as he was—for she devoutly believed him to be the unwilling victim of some infatuation or fatality—he should owe no pang to her that she could save him.

That forenoon was devoted to some of the ordinary lions of London; and Robert, by strong self-compulsion, threw his mind into the subjects before them, till he eventually forgot his own individuality in the interest they excited. Sara, too, was gradually withdrawn from herself, till she listened with absorbed attention. Never before had she been so much struck with the boldness and originality of his views, with the freshness he conferred upon topics the most hackneyed and worn out, with the power he possessed of giving life to inanimate objects, and of dissipating the shadows that obscure the past. He addressed himself to the three collectively, but she knew that it was for her advantage he spoke, and that he did so unconsciously, as if from a habit of his mind. In this particular his conversation reminded her of his letters from school, and she wondered whether, at each new flight his genius had taken from the small vantage-ground of scholastic learning, he had thought of his poor pupil. To-day, at any rate, he did not think of her, at least in the intellectual part, and she was inexpressibly gratified to find him taking every opportunity of indoctrinating her with his own opinions in reference to the subjects of her studies. On one occasion, for instance, when the captain had expressed his astonishment at the ease with which he translated certain Latin inscriptions in Westminster Abbey, she asked him whether he did so literally, or transfused the meaning, as it were, into English.

"I make the inquiry," she added, "because I have recently been doing a little Italian into English, and I was puzzled to know which is the best method."

"In translating inscriptions," replied Robert, "or history, biography, science—anything that depends upon the truth of facts, the translation should be as literal as the idiom of the language permits. But it is poetry you are busy with, and this is in a different category; inasmuch as poetry speaks to us, in great part, by means of images, which in the course of time, and the conversion of language, may lose their value and significance. For instance, the Homeric expression, 'cow-eyed or ox-eyed Juno,' would do very well with us in a travesty of the great epic, but in a serious translation so ludicrous an idea—and one that does not give us the faintest notion of the sense of the author—should not be admitted. In a case like this, I think the image should be dropped, and only its meaning translated. The object of poetry is not to communi-

cate facts, but to give enjoyment of a fine and lofty nature; and anything that interrupts this bespeaks, on the part of the translator, a want both of taste and fidelity." Such dry discussions, is the reader probably thinks them, were very delightful for Sara. They kept her mind in contact with Robert's, and prevented her from thinking of the gulf that was between their fortunes.

In the afternoon, or what was such to them, they looked on for awhile at the fashionables taking their forenoon ride, or saunter, in Hyde Park, and then lounged away through the trees in the direction of the Serpentine River. They were followed at a distance by two gentlemen, the older of whom at one time seemed anxious to restrain the other.

"I tell you what, Fancourt," said Adolphus, "I have more than once suspected that in this matter you have all along been playing into my mother's hand! She desired to break off my suit to a young lady in the country, and just at the *à propos* moment comes your proposal that I shall lay siege to a woman of rank and fashion much higher than my own."

"Well, Dolphy," replied Fancourt languidly, "you acted upon my proposal, and have now received the father's permission to pay your addresses, and his promise to render you all the aid in his power. What then?"

"Just this: that you believed from the first that I had no chance whatever with Miss Falcontower—which, by the way, has latterly been one great reason why I persevered against hope—and even against my own wishes."

"Against your own wishes!"

"Yes; for this curious Claudia had begun to tire, and, in fact, at times to alarm me. Her very imperiousness at first was attractive; the strange passiveness with which I yielded myself to her power made me feel as if I was under fascination, and gave an air of romance to my position, the very dimness and mystery of which blinded and bewildered me. But after a time I was startled when I reflected that marriage is not a scene in a comedy or a chapter in a romance, and when I began to picture this heroine of my imagination in the character of a wife. The intimacy she had somehow formed with the fellow Oaklands was another staggerer, when I turned the thing coolly over in my mind, and more especially when it occurred to me that neither before nor after marriage would it be possible for human power to divert her from any fancy she had once taken into her head."

"In a word, the fair Claudia's theory had failed her once more; and you—but that is the mystery—why did you propose when you no longer desired to marry her?"

"Because I was a fool; because it was obvious that you considered my suit hopeless, and because I fancied somehow it was necessary to go on. I did so; I took the irrevocable step; and that very evening—but you will laugh!—well, what is that to me? I am independent of your opinion; I am the head of my family, and I have a right to do, and think, and feel as I choose!"

"Surely you have. But what's in the wind now? It was Sir Vivian Falcontower who promised you his influence with Claudia, not

Lord Luxton; you will find that both his lordship and his honorable daughter will now look quite over the head of a commoner—so your proposal is the same as if it never had been made."

"I am quite aware of that, and I await the rejection of my suit with much philosophy."

"Then whence the heroics? That very evening? Why, on that evening you were at the play—have you been smitten by an actress, and is the mad Orlando now your part?"

"On the contrary, I have been recalled to my senses. Your 'rosy-checked apple' won't pass with me now, for I have seen specimens of all varieties of fruit, and am a connoisseur. In short, I am no longer to be blinded by your sneers, for I can oppose to them my own knowledge and judgment; that evening I saw Miss Semple at the theatre, and I can undertake to say that, although without the brilliance of Claudia, she is as superior to her in real beauty and true dignity of deportment, as she is in nobleness of character."

"Miss Semple!" mused Fancourt—"is that the animated wax-figure I had the honor of dancing with at the Hall? She is dignified, I admit—or something or other, I can't tell what. She made me, I know, feel deucedly queer; and I am sure, notwithstanding the excitement of dancing, my temperature fell seven or eight degrees Fahrenheit, at the least."

"Come, that won't pass," said Seacole, smiling in spite of himself, "for you acknowledged her niece at the time to be the most beautiful and the most distinguished-looking girl in the room, and a few minutes ago you paid her unconscious homage by affirming that the figure of the lady—of that lady before us—was absolutely perfection."

"Oh, I see! I now call the whole thing to mind. So, that is Rosy-apple, is it, with the hairy captain? But who is that handsome young fellow gallanting my partner?—I begin to feel jealous there."

"That fellow is Oaklands."

"Indeed! I don't wonder now at your dislike to him. A prodigiously fine young man he is—just the figure and bearing of the conventional nobleman, of an earl, or baron at the least, of the drama or the novel. I should not like such a fellow to be on intimate terms with any Rosy-apple of mine!"

"It won't do, Fancourt; I am quite comfortable. They were brought up together as brother and sister, and have not met till now since long before I came of age. I watched them like a hawk the whole evening in the theatre without being seen myself; and even now, so far from walking side by side, they have never exchanged either word or look for the last half-hour. It is clear to me, what I suspected before, that Oaklands has been scorched in the blaze of Claudia's eyes; and it is equally clear, that if he ever had the impudence to think of the niece of his patron with other feelings than those of the beggarly dependant he was, she now observes the change with profound indifference. I must speak to them and get their address."

"Wait till you are formally off with Claudia,"

said Fancourt, laying his hand upon his friend's arm. "Your man Poringer will manage to ferret them out easily enough. Come, take my advice."

"I have taken it once too often," replied Seacole, doggedly: "Claudia's answer I am sure of, and the moment I receive it—which will be the day after she returns to town—I will demand one from Sara, which my mother prevented me from obtaining on the night of the fête at the Hall." There was a surly stubbornness in his manner, while he said this, which gave Fancourt to understand, for he was an observer of character, that further opposition would be useless, and both gentlemen quickened their steps till they came very near the party they pursued.

"I say, Fancourt," said Seacole, now hanging back a little—"since you are so famous at giving advice, I want you to tell me what you think I should say. The fact is, I put the question to Miss Semple point blank—my mother interrupted us—and I have never seen her since. That is awkward, isn't it? I feel decidedly queer."

"My advice is just what I have already given: I would certainly counsel you"—But at the moment the enemy wheeled about on their return home, and in another minute the two parties met face to face.

The meeting was not so unpleasant for Seacole as he had anticipated. He was rather an object of compassion than anything else in the captain's eyes, and was besides associated with some ideas of the comic which influenced his reception by the veteran. As for Sara, on seeing suddenly the favored lover of her girlhood, and in the presence of another to whom her woman's heart had been irrevocably given, a painful blush suffused her face—not the less painful that she knew herself to be at the moment the object of Robert's scrutinizing gaze. Seacole's countenance reflected the suffusion; but his eyes blazed with a triumphant light, altogether different from the beams that were hidden beneath Sara's drooping lids. He addressed to her, however, only a few common-place words, and then directed his discourse to the captain, giving him an account of a review which was speedily to take place in the Park.

"Will Miss Semple," said Fancourt to Elizabeth, "deign to recall to her remembrance the partner who had the honor of dancing with her at the Hall?"

"The action of the memory," replied the virgin, "is for the most part spontaneous. I remember distinctly a white cravat on the occasion referred to, and that cravat I have every reason to believe was on the neck of the gentleman who now speaks to me." This was so far satisfactory, and the hermit of the Albany entered freely into conversation with our spinster, and being an observant man of the world, succeeded very soon in regaining the place in her esteem of which his letter to Seacole, sent to them by Miss Heavystoke, had for a time dispossessed him. As they arrived at a more crowded part of the ring, where a hurried motion now and then took place among the spectators, for the purpose of

observing some passing equipage of more than ordinary pretension, our promenaders were obliged to separate, and a different arrangement of the interlocutors took place. The captain was in advance, and Adolphus found himself the escort of Sara.

"Miss Semple," said he, "pardon my abruptness, for there is no opportunity for ceremony. The last time I conversed with you alone we were interrupted by my mother, and for awhile I thought it fortunate that such was the case, for, judging by what you had said, I had a nervous dread of what was to come. I resolved to give you time for reflection. The time I assigned in my own mind has almost passed, and very soon I shall entreat to be permitted at least to renew the friendly intercourse that was once the happiness of my life."

"I cannot have the least objection," replied Sara quietly. "to meet on friendly terms the visitors in my uncle's house. If you are invited there, I shall not have any disinclination to receive you as an acquaintance."

"And is this all? O Sara—O Miss Semple!"

"Mr. Seacole," interrupted Sara, "I cannot help feeling some shame on your account! Perhaps it is wrong in me to express it; perhaps it may even be considered indelicate to mention what has come to my knowledge; but I have not mingled much with society, and I may be excused for being ignorant of its punctilios. At any rate, I cannot see a gentleman who has treated me with kindness and distinction place himself in the humiliating position you seem desirous of occupying, and I will therefore say at once, that when you were in the neighborhood of Luxton Castle I was in correspondence with my former governess, Miss Heavystoke, and that she forwarded to me a letter from your friend, Mr. Fancourt, which you returned to her with angry contempt, in mistake for mine." Adolphus seemed thunder-struck for a moment, but he soon recovered.

"Your generosity," said he, "should not surprise me, for it is only consistent with your character. But I am in reality more the object of wonder and commiseration than contempt, for the infatuation into which I fell for a moment, while smarting under your virtual rejection, was no more my fault than if I had been struck by the pestilence as it passed by! You do not know the individual you allude to—you do not know the nature of the power she exercises, although so speedily neutralized in my case by a holier enchantment—you do not know"

"I know all."

"Do you know that he whom you regarded as a teacher—he, of whose knowledge, self-possession, and strength of character you had formed so lofty an idea?"

"No more; I know all!" She looked back shudderingly. They were now clear of the crowd. Robert was at some distance behind, walking slowly, with erect figure, fixed eyes—silent, desolate, alone. Sara thought little about herself at that moment, but she could have wept for him.

CHAPTER XVII.

A CONSPIRACY.

WE dispute the correctness of Claudia's opinions touching the levelling power of death. Never are the social distinctions so punctiliously observed as when the late living and breathing man lies prone on his back, a statue of senseless clay; never are the vanities of caste and the pride of rank so strong as when the vault or the grave receives its new inhabitant, and dust is rendered to dust, and ashes to ashes. If the wax-like figure which is the object of the solemn show has worn a coronet when in life; if it has exercised high command over its fellow-men; or, arrayed in satins and gems, looked down with scorn upon its fellow-women—the atmosphere of pride in which it lived, moved, and had its being, still surrounds it in the coffin, and the spectators, who would pass lightly a score of meaner funerals, hold their breath with awe.

The obsequies of the late Lord Luxton were performed with a pomp that would have been extravagant even in the case of some great public character; but no one thought of asking how he had earned the distinction; no one called to mind that, when living, he had been only an old, fat, good-natured man, who would have been desperately vulgar had he not chanced to be brought up as a nobleman. It was a great funeral, that was what was thought and said—what mattered it whether the defunct had been in life a great man? The bell tolled, the procession swept slowly on, the plumes waved in the heavy air, the priest proclaimed the resurrection and the life, the black vault swallowed up its prize; and then the world went on as before, with its old pride, its old vanities, its old ambitions—with no difference whatever, except that there was a new lord both in the mausoleum and the castle.

Claudia had much to do in those days; many punctilios to arrange, many precedents of rank to consider, many questions of heraldry to discuss; and it is likely that she was very soon roused from her feeling of desolation. However this may be, she found time occasionally to converse with our old friend Miss Heavystoke, and not always on the subject of that lady's young charge.

"When I lived at Wearyfoot Common," said the governess one day—

"You at Wearyfoot Common!—Oh, I remember; you seemed acquainted with Mrs. Seacole, and that is the locality of the family seat. Did you teach in her house?"

"No, at the house of Captain Semple."

"At the house of Captain Semple?"

"Yes; my pupil was his niece Sara, a very charming girl, and acknowledged to be the beauty of the district." Claudia mused.

"I have heard of Captain Semple," said she—"probably from Mrs. Seacole. He had a sister as well as a niece?"

"But too old to teach. Indeed Miss Semple fancied that she had an aptitude for teaching grown persons herself!"

"Any more in the family?" said Claudia, suppressing an inclination to yawn.

"Not any more."

"I imagined I had been told of a son."

"That must have been a mistake, for the captain was never married. Your informant must have alluded to Mr. Oaklands, who was at school during the greater part of my residence."

"Oh, a nephew, no doubt."

"No; a foundling brought up and educated by the captain."

"Upon my word!—you are coming to a romance. A foundling, brought up in the same house with his patron's beautiful niece—there could be but one result!"

"In a novel, I allow. But Robert and Sara hardly knew that they were not brother and sister till the captain's affairs went wrong, and the young man was taken home from school. Shortly after the whole establishment was broken up, and young Oaklands went adrift upon the world."

"Was there no scandal on the subject of the boy?" asked Claudia, musing again. "I think I have been told that the captain's conduct towards him was supposed to be influenced by some stronger feeling than mere humanity."

"If so, that must have been before my time, and the scandal had died out. The good captain is not a man to be suspected of irregularity of any kind, except in the matter of whiskers. Such a Black Forest of hair I never saw before on a human face!"

"Black?"

"Iron-gray; but now, alas! I am told, almost white." Claudia looked strangely at Miss Heavystoke, who could hardly bear what she had herself described as the condensed lightning of her gaze.

"Where are they now?" demanded the young lady suddenly.

"In London."

"Ah, I thought so! I have seen just such a head as you describe, placed, too, on *ci-devant* military shoulders; and with your half-pay captain a young person remarkable for the classical style of her beauty—like what you might suppose of a Helen without sin and without remorse, or rather of a Chryseis, the 'spotless fair,' amid the truculent heroes of the *Iliad*."

"This is Sara!" said Miss Heavystoke. "It is just what Mr. Oaklands said of her, and he has now turned an artist, and should know something of beauty. How they used to dance, that young pair, till it was far on in the night, and my fingers ached with playing—and with no partners in the quadrille but the chair and Molly!"

"Dangerous amusement," remarked Claudia, "for a young painter to dance till midnight, in a lonely country house, with a heroine of Homer, and for a heroine of Homer to have for her habitual partner"—

"A young painter!" kindly suggested Miss Heavystoke, for Claudia stopped abruptly. "But Miss Sara was by that time almost betrothed, at least it was the belief of us all that the attentions of—of the gentleman would end in proposals."

"Of what gentleman?"

"One of the neighbors," replied Miss Heavystoke, in some embarrassment.

"His name?" The question was not put offensively—quite otherwise; but evasion was impossible when Claudia willed.

"Seacole," replied Miss Heavystoke.

"So! And what occurred to break off the affair?"

"The gentleman's visit to Luxton Castle," said Miss Heavystoke, turning suddenly to bay; "and his falling under the more powerful enchantments of Miss Falcontower!" Claudia received this announcement simply as information; the manner was a matter of indifference to her, and she did not think it necessary to make a single remark upon the subject. Perhaps, however, the part she herself played in the Wearyfoot novel may have struck her as being a little curious. Perhaps she thought it odd that she should have been the means of breaking off the young lady's engagement, and throwing her upon the friendship of Robert Oaklands. Perhaps the scene on the stair of the theatre presented itself from a new point of view, and she saw two heroines instead of one; the one permanent and principal, the other temporary and secondary; the one destined for the dénouement, the other playing her part of a moment with smiles, and looks, and meeting hands, and then passing away forever! Such may have been her reverie, for there is a dearth of resources in the country. It was, at all events, a condescension for the woman of rank and fashion, the daughter of a baron, the high-bred, the beautiful, the accomplished Claudia Falcontower, to suffer her mind to be occupied, even for an instant, with the obscure fortunes of a country girl and a foundling—at the best.

But the instant was extended to minutes—hours—days, we cannot tell how many, and still Claudia dreamed, or seemed to do so, before circumstances occurred to give her mind again to the world. The circumstances were grave enough even to curtail the ceremonial of absolute retirement during the first period of mourning; for the ministry had, from some mismanagement or some mishap, got into an awkward plight, and their fortunes hung trembling in the balance. Having hitherto avoided purposely political details, we shall now suffer ourselves to be betrayed into explaining the position of Lord Luxton with regard to the government; but certain it is, that he watched the turn of affairs from his present distance with intense anxiety, and that at length neither the post nor the telegraph, though both were busily at work in his service, could quiet his impatience.

"I must be upon the spot!" said he one day suddenly; "this is a crisis at which I cannot longer be merely a distant looker-on. You, Claudia, can represent the family here, and take care, with your usual watchfulness, that the solemnity of the occasion is kept up during the proper interval."

"No, papa," replied Claudia, quietly; "you will want me in town—we shall both be wanted at such a time, and as I shall neither be seen nor heard of, so far as the world is concerned, there will be no breach of decorum."

"Are you sure of that? You are usually a greater stickler than I."

"I stickle as far as policy demands—not an inch further. There are circumstances in which ordinary rules must be disregarded, in which it is true policy to defy them. Conventionalism is the slave of the prudent, not the master. To sit forever crouching under the eye of the world befits only a timid spirit, ignorant that the world's applause always waits on brave and noble action, when justified by the emergency and the magnitude of the stake."

"Of what are you talking, Claudia?" said her father. "Surely you wander from the subject, and are losing yourself in your own thoughts."

"It may be so," she replied, with the fixed look which in other women would have been attended with a contraction of the brows; "association plays us strange tricks sometimes, but you will find me as practical as ever for all that. When do we set out?"

"Then you are going?"

"I am."

"Do you arrange the time, then; let it be to-morrow, or if that is impracticable, the next day—not an hour later. What time do you say?"

"This evening."

"This evening!—that is being practical with a vengeance. However, so be it," and Lord Luxton seemed much relieved when the affair was settled, for owing to long habits of dependence upon the masculine mind of his daughter, she had become a necessity, and he dreaded engaging in any serious business alone.

When the hour of departure approached, Claudia bade good-by to Miss Heavystoke in a condescending and even kindly manner, saying as she was turning away—

"And suppose I meet Mrs. Seacole, shall I say anything from you?"

"If you would take the trouble of presenting my respectful remembrance, I should be obliged."

"And your other Wearyfoot friends?"

"There is no chance of your meeting them. They are strangers in town, and in quite a different circle of society from the one you move in, although Miss Sara would be looked upon with consideration even there, being a born gentlewoman as she is, and with a naturalness of beauty that is even more attractive in artificial society than elsewhere."

"I have seen her. She is beautiful; but is she anything more?—I don't mean amiable, for all young ladies are that, so far as public observation goes. But what does she do? What is her métier in the world? Is it crochet, cookery, painting, religion, dancing, music—what is it?"

"It is all of these," replied Miss Heavystoke—"yet none in particular. She is distinguished by—I do not know how to define it, but I would say—thought, combined with feeling, and applied to everything that presents itself to her mind and her senses. She reads; she is literary; it was her advice that young Oaklands should become an author—and I really think (for I am told he does not apply himself to painting alone) it had more influence upon him than mine; although that, you will admit, was the more wise and practical—to turn an usher in a school."

"So! Literary!—Yes, Miss Heavystoke, yours was the better counsel; but your mention of his

name recalls to my remembrance something I heard and had forgotten. It relates to the scandal we talked of: the mother—so the story goes—was a servant in the family; she is now a sort of washerwoman in London, and her son resides openly with her."

"All that," said Miss Heavystoke warmly, "I can undertake to say is untrue, and it must have been invented by one who is either an enemy of Mr. Oaklands, or who is altogether unacquainted with his character. The idea of his being the son of Margery the cook, I, who resided in the house for a considerable time, know to be unfounded; and as for his living as one of the family of a menial who served where he was brought up as a gentleman, and where he acquired all the sensibilities of one, the notion is utterly preposterous."

"You think it would not suit his gentility?" but the flash that accompanied this remark only roused the good lady the more.

"I think it would suit his gentility," said she, "to live, if necessary, in a garret at a shilling a week, provided he could there live—and starve—unnoticed and alone!"

"Then, you think that it is an invention that he resides with this person?"

"I think, at least, that if otherwise, all the rest must be true!"

"Well, Miss Heavystoke, as time presses, I have only another question to ask, and that, as you know I am a *fanatica* in such matters, you must excuse my thinking of a little more importance than the subject we have discussed:—does your young pupil begin to appreciate the difference between German and Italian music?"

This being answered satisfactorily, Claudia bade good-by, and having joined her father, was speedily on the road to London.

During the interval of her absence from town, no change of any importance had taken place in the position of the Semple family. Their stay was prolonged from day to day, they hardly knew how or why; but it seemed to them that each day generated the necessity for another day in town. This was doubtless owing in part to the attentions of Adolphus and his friend Fancourt, who played admirably well the part of Ciceroni, and who would take no refusal of their services. Sara was at first distant and reserved; but when she found that her rejected lover, even when they were alone, made not the most distant attempt to renew his suit, she became reconciled to their presence, and interested in the places to which they led the strangers. Of the two she preferred Fancourt, a thoroughbred man of the world, full of racy remark, although that was often caustic and satirical, generally true, and always amusing. Such men are never otherwise than attractive to young women brought up in seclusion; and in Fancourt the worldly incrustation, just as in Claudia, was clear enough to show numerous good points in the original character. What might be the nature of his assiduities to a country girl who was to vanish in a little while from his sight probably forever, it might be difficult to guess, if we did not remember that he was an idle man about town, and Sara, independently of qualities

that Fancourt could appreciate very well, a singularly lovely person in whose society it was a distinction to be seen. He may have had deeper motives for aught we know. He may have intended to wait till his friend Adolphus was in a position to propose seriously, and to receive the rejection he saw at a glance would follow, and then to ask himself, Sedley Fancourt, whether there was any absolute necessity for his remaining for life a monk of the Albany.

Robert at first made one of the party in their excursions; but when he saw his place so ably filled, he withdrew gradually, and only called occasionally at a late hour in the evening, when he knew the family would be alone. Not that he found himself disagreeably situated with the gentlemen. Fancourt and he were mutually pleased with each other; and as for Adolphus, he hardly felt his presence at all, one way or other. His anxieties for Sara were at an end, so far as the young master of the Hall was concerned, for Sara was no longer subject to the illusions of girlhood; and he was rather satisfied than otherwise—for this the stern rule he had prescribed for himself required—that her time and thoughts should be taken up with interesting objects and agreeable society. In their personal intercommunications, there was now nothing that could have been remarked by a stranger. They had both schooled themselves too severely for that; yet at times a word, a look, unnoticed by those around them, would call up, like a spirit, some old memory, some buried hope; and the pale brow of Robert would flush, and the heart of Sara seemed to die within her.

Sara's greatest annoyance at first was in finding the round eyes of Molly constantly fixed upon her in inquiry and astonishment, and often filling with tears; but after a time the demonstrative affection of the poor girl was rather soothing than otherwise, since a complete revulsion appeared to take place in her feelings towards Robert. Molly, in fact, was in the habit of gossiping with Miss Bloomley; and that young lady had told her of the manly avowal made in Driftwood's studio, and had even confided to her as an inviolable secret, that if poor Robert had but a trade of the slightest gentility to depend upon, she would not hesitate to reward his nobleness of spirit with her own fair hand. All this Molly made no scruple of confiding to her young mistress—for doing so was the same, as she said herself, as not telling to nobody at all—and Sara, although but little affected on hearing of the non-existence of the expectations, was moved to tears by the nobleness. Robert's prospects of rank and fortune had never seemed to her to be anything more than a dream or a misconception; but even admitting their reality, she was absolutely certain that they would not influence in any way whatever his feelings or his conduct.

The time at length came when the Simpletons—for so Fancourt audaciously styled them to his friend—were to return to their Lodge. The day was fixed; and Sara, who had some business of a private nature to transact, was deep in confidential intercommunications with Molly. These two young women were more frequently alone

with each other than usual, and the bedroom of the former was generally the place of meeting. Sara grew obviously nervous, and Molly flitted about the house like a spirit with a bad conscience. Not, however, that she desired to relieve her mind to some horrified listener: on the contrary, she was rather afraid of being tempted to do so, and for that reason avoided Miss Bloomley instead of haunting her, and, when they did meet, gazed at her so like somebody drawing Priam's curtains at the dead of night, that the young lady was alarmed. The plan of operations, however, was at length settled; the minute was at hand; and the two conspirators, with an awful look at one another, retired towards their several quarters to prepare for action.

But Sara was called back to the parlor by the captain, and she returned like a detected culprit in a flutter of alarm.

"Sara," said he, "this business cannot be delayed longer. Since we can hit upon no better scheme, the money shall go to him through the post in a blank letter, addressed in a printed hand. He will be sure to think it comes from Miss Falcontower." Sara started—"or at least from some of the relatives, who take this underhand way of assisting one whose claims they know to be just, although they have not the manliness to acknowledge them openly. It is a good idea, isn't it? Bless you, darling, he will never think of me, knowing what an old selfish fool I was when Miss Heavystoke wanted me to sell the Lodge, and being well aware that I have no other means of raising the wind. Why, he'd as soon think of you, whose money is locked up, every penny, so as to bring you in just enough to support you as a nice, little, quiet, fine-hearted, economical gentlewoman that makes her own frocks! To-morrow morning, before our chicheronians come, or what do you call 'em, I'll just bowl down in a cab to these Lincoln's Inn lawyers of yours and mine, and put the thing in train to be finished out of hand."

"No, dear uncle," said Sara, "you must not do that. I have heard, through Molly, enough to show that Robert's prospects have all melted away, although his fear of vexing you has prevented him from saying anything himself. To whom, then, in all the wide world, could he trace the money but you? We must go more cunningly to work. Even some little delay on your part may be necessary—and such matters, as you said yourself, may be managed as well at Wearyfoot as here. Trust to me a little while longer!" To this the veteran demurred a good deal. He said he could not think of leaving Bob in such a position as his, and with a countenance so stern and made up. He put him in mind, for all the world, of a man in his company who went upon a forlorn-hope because—no, not exactly because he had not money enough to marry his sweetheart, but—no, not altogether because some Miss Falcontower had jilted him—but, in point of fact, because he was condemned to six dozen, and had no other way of getting off. However, the end of it was, that the matter was left for a while longer in Sara's hands.

This occurred one evening when the party had

returned from a fatiguing excursion. The two gentlemen had taken leave at the door. Elizabeth had retired to her own room to rest for an hour; and Sara told her uncle that she too would be invisible till it was time for the supper-tray. On reaching her quarters, she found Molly already there, cloaked, bonneted, and nervous—in what she herself called a fit of frustration. It was with no steady hands that Sara prepared herself in like manner for a late promenade; and then the two watched at the door of the room—they knew not for what, for in reality their going out would have attracted no attention—and at length Sara grasping her companion by the arm, they sallied forth, glided quickly along the hall, and went out into the street.

They hurried out of Great Russell Street, by its eastern outlet, as if they thought they were pursued. When they had crossed Bloomsbury Square and reached Southampton Row, by turning a little way to the left they might have obtained a cab; but not being aware of this, they struck down by King Street into Holborn. Along this main stream they had only to float eastward till they came to one of the avenues into Lincoln's Inn Fields: and after the first sensation of timidity wore off, they were hardly sorry that no cab presented itself till they were too near their destination to make it worth while to employ it. Although early in the evening, it was already dark, so far as nature was concerned; but the abundance of artificial light made the street as clear, and, together with the orderliness of the passers-by, gave the two country girls as much confidence as if it had been noonday. On reaching Great Turnstile, they easily recognized it, as they had been there several times before; and through this narrow avenue they glided into the immense wooded square of Lincoln's Inn Fields. On the left of this expanse was the place they sought—a small square of hard pavement, hard walls, hard heads, and—so they say—hard hearts.

They ascended to the first floor of one of these cold, hard buildings, and Sara, pushing open a door slowly and nervously, looked in. What she had heard was true. It being full term-time the lawyers were still at work, and her errand was not in vain. But the passage was so cold, so long, so breathlessly silent, so dark—although lighted by two dim sepulchral lamps, one just within the door, and the other at the further end. She thought for a moment of breaking her resolution, and taking Molly in with her; but her courage triumphed. Molly should be innocent of all knowledge of what she was about to do; and thus when questions came to be asked hereafter, it would be impossible to wrest anything from her simplicity or her truthfulness.

"Stay here, Molly," whispered she; "I may be many minutes—I may be half an hour, so do not be impatient; only take care not to leave the stair." She went into the passage, and shut the door. Molly listened intently to hear her go in by the door at the further end, but in vain. Those doors closed like the claws of a cat; they had no more voice than a coffin-lid.

Molly waited in the darkness and silence till she was weary as well as afraid. She then stole down the stairs step by step, and felt some relief

in looking out even upon the cold, hard stones. Presently she heard the noise of a vehicle driving in. The stones received the wheels with a cold, hard, yet hilarious sound of welcome, each stone announcing the arrival to the rest, till the news diffused a kind of flinty mirth, a hard, dry, rattling, caustic laugh over the whole area. It was an elegant private equipage, with two footmen behind in deep mourning. A lady with a thick, black veil, and wrapped in a black cloak, with the hood hanging upon her shoulders, alighted.

"Take back the carriage," said she, in a singularly clear voice; "my lord will want it immediately to go out to dinner. Let a cab be in waiting here for me;" and raising her veil, and fixing upon Molly as she passed her a glance

that went 'through and through,' she stepped lightly up the steps, and vanished in the darkness of the stairs.

As the new-comer opened the door of the passage, Sara emerged from the one at the further end. They met in the dim middle, and both paused involuntarily for an instant to exchange looks. Sara, sick and faint, yet willing to believe her thought an illusion, hardly knew how she reached the door; but when there, in spite of herself, she turned her head before going out. The other had done the same, and the light of the two lamps, falling dimly on their faces and leaving the rest of their persons in shadow, made them show like spectres to each other for an instant before they disappeared.

HOW TO KEEP GATHERED FRUIT AND FLOWERS ALWAYS FRESH.—A friend has just informed us that fruit and flowers may be preserved from decay and fading by immersing them in a solution of gum-arabic in water two or three times, waiting a sufficient time between each immersion to allow the gum to dry. This process covers the surface of the fruit with a thin coating of the gum, which is entirely impervious to the air, and thus prevents the decay of the fruit, or the withering of the flower. Our friend has roses thus preserved, which have all the beauty and fragrance of freshly plucked ones, though they have been separated from the parent stem since June last. To insure success in experiments of this kind, it should be borne in mind that the whole surface must be completely covered; for if the air only gains entrance at a pin-hole, the labor will all be lost. In preserving specimens of fruit, particular care should be taken to cover the stem, end and all, with the gum. A good way is to wind a thread of silk about the stem, and then sink it slowly in the solution, which should not be so strong as to leave a particle of the gum undissolved. The gum is so perfectly transparent, that you can with difficulty detect its presence, except by the touch. Here we have another simple method of fixing the fleeting beauty of nature, and surrounding ourselves ever with those objects which do most elevate the mind, refine the taste, and purify the heart.—*Country Gentleman.*

LOVE OF COMPANY IN ANIMALS.—An idea during this excursion had occurred to us, that part of the brute creation have an aversion to the absence of the human race; this opinion seemed now in some measure confirmed by the appearance for the first time during the last three days of several species of ducks and other aquatic birds. I do not, however, mean absolutely to infer, that it is the affection of the lower orders of the creation to man, that draws them to the same spots which human beings prefer, since it is highly probable, that such places as afford the most eligible residence in point of sustenance to the human race, in an uncivilized state, may be by the brute creation resorted to for the same purpose.—*Vancouver.*

SIZE AND PROPORTION OF ROOMS.—Experience shows that where a room of moderate size has the breadth equal to two-thirds of the length, and the height half of the length, everybody will acknowledge it to be a well-proportioned room. We do not know why, but if we take a foot away from any of these dimensions, the room will not obtain so ready a commendation, though in point of convenience nothing may be lost. The finer and more cultivated the taste the more sensible will a person be of a small aberration from these proportions. I say a small aberration, because with a greater difference a new style of beauty may be introduced, and two persons of equally refined taste may differ as to which is the better. A square room would have its advocates, though this form is not much in request at present, and in that case the height should be at least equal to two-thirds of the width, or to more, perhaps even to the whole width if with a coved ceiling. Generally speaking, the eye more readily forgives an excess of height than the want of it. In small rooms a square form is preferable to an oblong, partly, I suppose, with reference to the human stature. A room 12 by 12 feet may do very well in a small house, one 14 feet 9 inches by 9 feet 10 inches occupying about the same area, and half as long again as abroad, would be inconveniently narrow. To a Lilliputian, I apprehend a room 6 feet by 4 feet, and 3 feet high, would seem exceedingly well proportioned. A double cube is a beautiful form, and for a large hall, or in a public edifice, a length equal to three times the breadth, and a height equal to half the length, would be almost universally approved; but in small rooms these proportions would not be pleasing. A room 36 feet by 12 feet would not be admired, and in such a room the height of 18 feet would appear extravagant. In these feelings there is an evident reference to a being 5 or 6 feet high.—*The Builder.*

"CORPORATIONS HAVE NO SOULS."—In Poynder's *Literary Extracts*, under the title "Corporations," there occurs the following passage:

"Lord Chancellor Thurlow said that corporations have neither bodies to be punished, nor souls to be condemned; they therefore do as they like."

From Fraser's Magazine.

THE THREE RACANS.

AN ANECDOTE DRAMATIZED.*

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE BACHELOR OF THE ALBANY."

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MONSIEUR LE MARQUIS DE RACAN, a distinguished Courtier, Savant, and man of gallantry of the reign of LOUIS XIII.

M. RENARDIN, } friends of the MARQUIS.
M. LE PLAISANT, }

MDLLE. DE GOURNAI, a lady of Gascony, celebrated for her compositions in Greek, and a passionate admirer of M. DE RACAN.
ELISE, her friend.

SCENE—Paris: Apartments of MDLLE. DE GOURNAI and Hotel of the MARQUIS DE RACAN.

SCENE I.—MDLLE. DE GOURNAI (seule).

MDLLE. DE G. In Paris at last! How charming, after an absence of so many years—exile, let me call it. Dear city! capital of learning—wit's metropolis—chosen seat of poets, scholars, and philosophers—pardon my long separation from thee! Heaven knows it was involuntary! Heaven knows by what sad constraint I buried in dull, barbarous, obscure Gascony the aspirations and the talents for which Paris is the only sphere. How passionately have I not longed to mingle in its brilliant coteries; to know in person the literary celebrities of France, and to be known by them—known—perhaps admired! The men of letters, indeed, to do them justice, lose no time in hastening to pay their compliments. 'Tis pleasing to find that my reputation has travelled faster than I did myself, for it got to Paris, it seems, long before me. Arrived only last night, my table is already covered with tributes, both in prose and verse, many in Latin, beseeching audiences with me as if I were some great princess. What beauteous metaphors!—what exquisite similes!—nightingales, stars, rainbows, galaxies—ah, these scholars alone know how to address a woman! This afternoon I begin my receptions. The first on my list is the far-famed Marquis de Racan, the greatest writer, as he is the gallantest gentleman of his age; as eminent a critic as Longinus, and (as I am assured) an enthusiastic admirer of my epigrams *à la Grecque*. How brilliantly will the homage of such a man inaugurate my Parisian life! It will be known all over Europe, that before she was twelve hours in Paris, Mademoiselle de Gournai was waited on by the immortal Monsieur de Racan.

SCENE II.—Enter ELISE (who runs to embrace her friend).

ELISE. Dear Mademoiselle de Gournai, welcome! a thousand welcomes! How joyful your arrival makes me!

MDLLE. DE G. (with more state than emphasis). Thanks, my dear friend; your presence will make Paris doubly agreeable to me. After

* In the *Ménagiana*. It was a story related by the facetious Abbe de Boisrobert; he was in the habit of telling it in the presence of M. de Racan himself.

all, one cannot live without a little female society, you know. I have always considered the company of a friend like you an important contribution to the felicity of existence.

ELISE. That you women of genius prefer the society of the other sex, I am well aware; nor is it to be wondered at: how few of your own are able to understand or appreciate you? For my own part—

MDLLE. DE G. Let us not enter, my dear, into that subject now. The relative intellectual stature of the sexes is an interesting, but a thorny question. Of this be satisfied—by you I shall always be content to be loved.

ELISE (aside). A compliment to my heart at the expense of my understanding. (To MDLLE. DE G. But I may admire you in my own ignorant way, may I not?)

MDLLE. DE G. (a little playfully). Not to-day, Elise; to-day, you must know, I expect to be so overwhelmed with admiration that the greatest favor you can do me is to remain at my side, and help to support me under it.

ELISE. I was aware you had fixed this afternoon to receive the respects of the magnates of the literary world. In fact, dear Mademoiselle, I am the bearer of a petition from M. Malherbe, to beg of you to do him the grace of admitting him the first.

MDLLE. DE G. Alas, my love, it is utterly impossible.

ELISE. Impossible! you do not say so; poor dear M. Malherbe, he so languishes for the distinction, he has so set his heart upon it.

MDLLE. DE G. My order of reception is fixed, Elise; I could not alter it, believe me, for Simonides or Homer himself.

ELISE (aside). I never heard of Monsieur Simonides. (To MDLLE. DE G.) Then M. de Menage, I presume, is the favored individual.

MDLLE. DE G. No, no, no,—Honorat de Beuil, Marquis de Racan.

ELISE. The Marquis de Racan! I have heard him spoken of, but only as M. Malherbe's friend and pupil.

MDLLE. DE G. The pupil, my dear, is immeasurably superior to the master. M. de Racan, you ought to know, as far exceeds all the intellectual notabilities of the age as the oak overtops the bramble, or our gracious monarch his subjects. I burn with impatience to see him. The minutes seem hours, the hours eternities, until I hear his laureled name announced.

ELISE. Poor M. Malherbe!

MDLLE. DE G. Let him read Seneca, my dear, until his turn comes.

ELISE. Ah, Mademoiselle, I can plainly see that if learning exalts the female intellect, it does not soften the female heart.

SCENE III.—M. LE MARQUIS DE RACAN: M. RENARDIN and M. LE PLAISANT, his friends.

M. DE RAC. Ah, you idle gentlemen, mere votaries of pleasure and fashion, how envious is the life you lead. You dress, dine, play, dance, flirt—your whole existence is a banquet and a ball. We authors and scholars—

M. REN. Are the proper objects of envy. What are such fellows as Le Plaisant here and I

but butterflies or grasshoppers, while you are never compared to anything less noble than the soaring eagle or the majestic swan. With what *éclat* did you enter the Academy! I shall never forget your learned "Discourse against Learning." It covered you with glory.

M. LE P. The myrtle fades, the rose withers, the laurel, Marquis, alone is immortal.

M. DE RAC. Bah, immortality. If you but knew its conditions! You know nothing of the temporal penalties of a literary immortality.

M. REN. Admiration, praise, perpetual worship. All the world offers incense to the man of genius like yours.

M. DE RAC. The odor, I assure you, is 'quite overpowering. Believe me, my friends, we pay for the perfumes, and pay dearly. For instance: you have heard of the celebrated Mademoiselle de Gournai.

M. LE P. The Gascon lady who composes in Greek.

M. REN. I know nothing of her compositions, but I have heard a great deal of her beauty and her temper,—pretty and peppery,—a handsome termagant blue-stockings.

M. DE RAC. A little too severe; but she is arrived in Paris, and it seems that her principal object—you will smile—is to see and know the unfortunate Monsieur de Racan. Here is the epistle I received from her this morning, the first *billet-doux* I ever received in Greek—tolerably good Greek, too, I assure you. Panegyric of my works, of course. She has them all by heart, it seems. I intend to reward her, you must know, by styling her the French Sappho. It is quite clear she resembles Sappho, in being a lady of an ardent, enthusiastic temperament, for she insists on my visiting her this very day, which, as a man of gallantry, I must do, though compelled to postpone a variety of most pressing affairs and engagements, some, indeed, with other ladies. Now, messieurs, you see what it is to be a popular author! I shall hang myself, one of these days, from the boughs of those laurels you speak of.

M. REN. Cruel fate, indeed!—a rendezvous with a fine woman, impatient to throw herself at your feet, if not into your arms. Le Plaisant or I would think ourselves the happiest of men to be in M. le Marquis's place this evening.

M. DE RAC. With a termagant blue-stockings, eh?

M. LE P. Ay, with all the drawbacks; but it is time to leave Monsieur to make his toilette. Adieu, most enviable of wretched men, most fortunate of martyrs! (*Exeunt M. LE PLAISANT and M. RENARDIN*).

SCENE IV.—M. RENARDIN and M. LE PLAISANT.

M. LE P. Now should I love of all things to be present at the interview between those two great literary celebrities. Not every day is the meeting of such a lion and lioness to be witnessed. Oh for a post behind a screen, or the arras! How they will bepraise and bedaub one another! He is vain as a peacock and insatiable of flattery, and the lady is no doubt equally voracious. The Marquis has prepared an elaborate harangue for

the occasion, I make no doubt; he has all his compliments cut and dry.

M. REN. You observed how vain he is of the appointment he affected to speak of as such a grievance.

M. LE P. First on the lioness's list!—before M. de Menage, before M. de Boisrobert, before M. Malherbe himself. He would not miss the *éclat* of such a reception and precedence for the best post under the crown.

M. REN. A merry notion just strikes me. Suppose you or I were to anticipate M. de Racan's visit, personate him, and receive all the compliments and caresses which Mdlle. de Gournai is evidently prepared to load him with.

M. LE P. Admirable idea!

M. REN. Then, when he arrives, figure to yourself the scene! The indignation of both at the trick played on them. He is the most nervous of men. She is a very devil, by all accounts. His embarrassment will infallibly make him forget every word of his speech; and she, when she recovers her serenity, will have to say all her fine things over again.

M. LE P. Most excellent,—but it would improve the jest if we were both to appear successively in the same character. You will present yourself first; I will follow, and when the true Racan appears, he will either not be admitted at all, or only to have his own books thrown at his head, or more disagreeable missiles.

M. REN. Have a care some such disaster does not befall yourself.

M. LE P. No fear of that. Mademoiselle's temper will not be at the white heat until after she has been imposed on a second time. The genuine Racan will be the only sufferer.

M. REN. I see. We have only to play our parts well. Flatter enormously. Recollect the epigrams *à la Grecque*.

M. LE P. And the French Sappho. Spirits of mirth and innocent fraud befriending us!
(*Exeunt ambo.*)

SCENE V.—MDLLE. DE GOURNAI and ELISE.

MDLLE. DE G. You smile, Elise, at my impatience. You think it a little ridiculous. I know you do.

ELISE. Not at all. Only you women of the south are so much more ardent than we are. The Gascon blood is so lively.

MDLLE. DE G. 'Tis true. We are made of passion. Whatever we love, we love passionately, whether it be a swain or a philosopher. Such, for example, is my love of genius and letters.

ELISE. Say, rather, men of genius and men of letters.

MDLLE. DE G. 'Tis the same thing;—but what can detain him?—I grow nervous, fidgety.

ELISE. Hold, Mademoiselle—he comes!
(*Servant announces M. LE MARQUIS DE RACAN.*)

SCENE VI.—M. RENARDIN, bowing to the ground. ELISE retires to some distance.)

M. REN. Mademoiselle de Gournai, I am overwhelmed by the honor you have done me in granting me this early opportunity of waiting

upon a lady whose beauty is the glory of her sex, and whose talents are the pride of France.

MDLLE. DE G. Monsieur le Marquis, I am honored far beyond my deserts in receiving the visits and the compliments of a personage like you, with whose fame all Europe rings.

M. REN. Ah, Mademoiselle, I should possess your eloquence to express the transports with which I receive the news of your arrival. I must beg of you to recollect the powerful attractions that wit and beauty exercise separately; thus only can you form a notion of the prodigious fascination of both combined.

MDLLE. DE G. Monsieur is too kind. To enjoy his acquaintance is rapture; to be honored with his approval is glory.

M. REN. Ah, Mademoiselle, my admiration is a poor tribute to merit like yours. I come with instructions from the Commonwealth of Letters, consisting of all that is wise and learned, brilliant or profound in France, to welcome your advent to Paris.

MDLLE. DE G. The compliment the Commonwealth pays me, sir, derives its value from the choice it has made of an ambassador to communicate it. The charms of M. de Racan's conversation embitter my regrets for having so long buried myself in privacy and the provinces.

M. REN. As to that Mademoiselle, if you had not come up to Paris, Paris would have gone down to Gascony,—the resolution was taken, 'pon my word of honor. The immediate occasion was the publication of those inimitable epigrams—

MDLLE. DE G. Epigrams, Monsieur;—pardon me.

M. REN. Did I not not say epigrams? How absurd the mistake! I was speaking of your epigrams *à la Grecque*, universally allowed to eclipse the *chef-d'œuvres* of classical antiquity.

MDLLE. DE G. Oh, Monsieur!—indeed—but I am pleased to have shown that even in Gascony we are not strangers to the nine Muses.

M. REN. Pardon me for correcting you on a point of mythology. The number of those goddesses is no longer nine, since the name of Mademoiselle de Gournai has been added to the choir.

MDLLE. DE G. Indeed, Monsieur, you flatter me. You will often favor me, I trust, with a repetition of your charming visits. My doors will fly open to receive you. Perhaps, too, M. le Marquis would do me the great favor of accepting this copy of the poor work he has so kindly praised; I have presumed to inscribe his name in the title page.

(*She presents him a volume, gorgeously bound expressly for the occasion.*)

M. REN. Mademoiselle loads me with honors. I stagger under the weight of her favors, and retire from her presence only to treasure the memory of her condescension, and sigh for the pleasure of another interview. (*Exit M. RENARDIN.*)

SCENE VII.—MDLLE. DE GOURNAI and ELISE.

MDLLE. DE G. (*with enthusiasm*). Oh, Elise, he has exceeded all my expectations. He is certainly the most charming man in all the world.

ELISE. He did indeed say some very handsome things; but M. Malherbe—

MDLLE. DE G. Don't talk to me of M. Malherbe; talk to me only of M. de Racan, brilliant, eloquent, incomparable M. de Racan. How graciously he received my book! I must tell you I had it bound in the costliest fashion to make it more worthy of his acceptance. He will place it in his library! I think I see it!—he gives it the most prominent place on the shelf. Dear Elise, this is too much happiness.

ELISE. Sit down, my dear,—compose yourself. You have other visitors to receive.

MDLLE. DE G. (*throwing herself on a couch*). I shall leave them to you—you will receive them for me. Tell me, Elise, what think you of all the attributes of genius is the most distinctive, the most characteristic.

ELISE. Don't put such questions to a simpleton like me—cleverness, perhaps.

MDLLE. DE G. I'll give you my opinion, sincerity, truth.

ELISE. Ah, yes.—(*Aside*) Paris going to Gascony, for example.

MDLLE. DE G. I wonder whether he will revisit me soon.

(*Servant enters and announces M. DE RACAN.*)

MDLLE. DE G. (*starts up*). Elise. The Marquis has forgot his snuff-box, I suppose, or his cane.

MDLLE. DE G. Doubtless intentionally.

SCENE VIII.—*Enter M. LE PLAISANT, bowing profoundly. The ladies regard him with surprise.*

ELISE. This is not the same—this is not M. de Racan.

MDLLE. DE G. (*excited*). How am I to understand this? Are there two De Racans? Monsieur, I presume my servant has mispronounced your name. M. de Racan has only just left me.

M. LE P. (*advancing*). Pardon me, Mademoiselle,—that humble individual has the little merited honor of standing before you, profiting by the permission graciously accorded him to wait upon you with his profound homage. There is but one M. de Racan, as there is but one Mdlle. de Gournai, in the world.

MDLLE. DE G. (*making an effort to control herself*). Are you indeed M. de Racan? Forgive me, Monsieur, but I have been egregiously played upon. Some impudent artful rogue has been here assuming your name, and has just gone out, leaving me under the impression that I had seen and received the Marquis de Racan. Besides, he has filched a copy of my works I presented him with, thinking I was placing it in your hands.

M. LE P. Consummate knavery!—for which Mademoiselle may rely on it, I shall take ample vengeance!—and yet could I almost find it in my heart to forgive the rogue, for I vow and protest, had I myself no other means of access to your presence, I feel myself capable of perpetrating any enormity for such an object.

ELISE (*aside*). The true and the false Racan seem on a par in point of veracity.

MDLLE. DE G. Monsieur will excuse my agi

tation. I have not yet recovered the shock to my nerves. The state you find me in will help to prove how much I have coveted the distinction of being known to you. In truth, the splendor of M. de Racan's literary reputation was the morning-star that guided my steps to Paris.

M. LE P. It is the office and duty of the star mentioned by Mademoiselle to attend a far brighter luminary than himself.

(*Mademoiselle De Gournai courtesies, and smiles most graciously.*)

M. LE P. Mademoiselle has conferred an inestimable boon on Paris at the expense of a proportional affliction to her native province.

MDLLE. DE G. To be frank with you, Monsieur, I feel that I have sojourned too long in Arcadia,—judge my delight at finding myself at length in Athens.

ELISE (*aside*). Now I wonder will Paris go down again to Gascony.

M. LE P. 'Tis Athens, Mademoiselle, wherever you reside. We have long been in the habit in our literary coteries of speaking of Gascony as the Attica of France.

ELISE (*aside*). How very audacious!

MDLLE. DE G. No, Monsieur, 'twas for you and you alone, to bring back the days of Xenophon and Plato.

M. LE P. I am indeed happy, fair lady, that the course of my poor studies has enabled me to appreciate your performances. Were I less imbued, for instance, with Greek literature, I should not be entitled to rank, as I do, your lyrics among the masterpieces of ancient composition.

MDLLE. DE G. Not lyrics, Monsieur; only epigrams.

ELISE (*aside*). The Marquis has never read a line of her works.

M. LE P. Epigrams in form, I grant you; but pregnant with evidence of lyrical power. The Lesbian fire in every line. By the bye, I am reminded of a dispute I had lately with M. de Menage,—you, Mademoiselle, were the subject of it.

MDLLE. DE G. I, Monsieur!

M. LE P. M. de Menage, you must know, drew a parallel between Mademoiselle de Gournai and Aspasia.

ELISE (*aside*). Did he now? I very much doubt it.

MDLLE. DE G. Do you tell me so? One cannot listen to such things about oneself without emotion.

ELISE (*aside*). I know what my emotions are at this moment.

M. LE P. Yes; but the comparison was unworthy of the modern. The true parallel is Sappho. I maintained it stoutly. We quarrelled on the point. The sequel is not worth mentioning.

MDLLE. DE G. Do tell me the sequel; do, my dear Marquis, I conjure you.

M. LE P. Oh, nothing—we fought—I received a scratch on my arm.

MDLLE. DE G. Gracious heaven! and for me! How shall I ever be sufficiently grateful to my champion? Only think: had you been killed.

M. LE P. Mademoiselle would have composed my elegy in Creek, and given me immortality in exchange for life.

MDLLE. DE G. Monsieur will live for ever by the vitality of his own genius.

M. LE P. At all events he has attained one great object of life: he has made the acquaintance of Mademoiselle de Gournai.

MDLLE. DE G. How provoked I am that I cannot present Monsieur with the little offering I meant, with great humility, to beg his acceptance of. To think of having given it to that villain!

M. LE P. To be permitted to kiss the hand of Mademoiselle would more than compensate her devoted servant.

(*She extends her hand, which M. LE P. kisses with profound respect, and then retires, bowing.*)

SCENE IX.—MDLLE. DE GOURNAI and ELISE.

ELISE. Strange, my dear; but though I have been always in Paris, I never heard before of that duel—I never heard that either the Marquis or M. de Menage had ever fought one.

MDLLE. DE G. (*occupied with her own thoughts*). How fortunate the dear Marquis was not murdered.

ELISE. Do you know, Mademoiselle, I find it hard to decide between the true article and the contraband. They were both so very eloquent and so very—sincere.

MDLLE. DE G. How can you talk so, foolish girl? Is there no difference between a nightingale and a sparrow? None between the lordly bull and the pitiful croaking frog in the fable that died mimicking him? I only marvel that impostor duped us for one moment with his pedantic, highflown compliments and contemptible bombast. Paris marching into Gascony—such fulsome stuff! In truth, I had my suspicions before the true M. de Racan appeared. I have studied Theophrastus, my dear, and rather pique myself upon my skill in the divination of character.

SCENE THE LAST.—*Enter the true M. LE MARQUIS DE RACAN, announced by a lackey.*

ELISE. A third—this is too bad, or rather too good.

MDLLE. DE G. (*in great excitement*). What name did I hear? Who is this?

ELISE. Another Racan, it seems. Calm yourself, Mademoiselle,—retire—calm yourself, I implore you.

M. DE RAC. Mademoiselle de Gournai—

MDLLE. DE G. I can stand this no more—begone, sir—I am betrayed—insulted—outraged—victimized.

M. DE RAC. May I request—

MDLLE. DE G. No, sir, you are an impostor, like the rest. This is the vilest conspiracy. You are one of the gang. I am a woman, but I will be revenged!

M. DE RAC. Impostor!—conspiracy!—What does all this mean? I came by Mademoiselle's appointment to pay a well-deserved compliment to the Sappho of France.

MDLLE. DE G. Sappho again!—the three are in a tale. There, Sir, take that for your compliment—(flings a book at him)—and that—(takes off her shoe and throws it)—away! that's in return for your Sappho.

M. DE RAC. A termagant blue-stocking, indeed!

(Mademoiselle throws the other shoe at him as he retires.)

ELISE. Ha, ha, ha, I shall die laughing.
M. DE RAC. (escaping). Oh, oh,—a Xantippe, in faith, not a Sappho.

NEW BOOKS.

We have received the following new books from the publishers:—

A History of England from the first invasion by the Romans to the accession of William and Mary in 1688. By JOHN LINGARD, D. D. A new edition enlarged by Lingard shortly before his death. In thirteen volumes. Vol. 5. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.

MR. DEMING JARVES, known as one of the oldest and best glass manufacturers in this country, has printed in a handsome pamphlet some very interesting *Reminiscences of Glass Making*, tracing the history of the art from its commencement to the present time, and containing much useful and interesting information not easily found in other books.—*Traveller*.

Africa and the American Flag. By Commander ANDREW H. FOOTE, U. S. Navy—commanding brig Perry on the coast of Africa, A. D. 1850—1851. D. Appleton & Co.: New York. With a number of colored plates.

Woodworth's American Miscellany of Entertaining Knowledge. By Francis C. Woodworth. With many illustrations. Phillips, Sampson & Co.: Boston.

The Turkish Empire—its History, Political and Religious Condition, its Manners and Customs. From the Fourth German Edition. With a Biographical Sketch of the Sultan; Omar Pacha; the Viceroy of Egypt; and the Members of the Turkish Cabinet. By Edward Joy Morris, late U. S. Charge d'Affaires at Naples. Lindsay & Blakiston: Philadelphia.

The Undying One: Sorrows of Rosalie; and other Poems. By the Hon. Mrs. Norton. C. S. Francis & Co.: New York; and Crosby, Nichols & Co.: Boston. [A good edition. There are about a hundred of the smaller Poems. Our readers will have a personal interest in Mrs. Norton.]

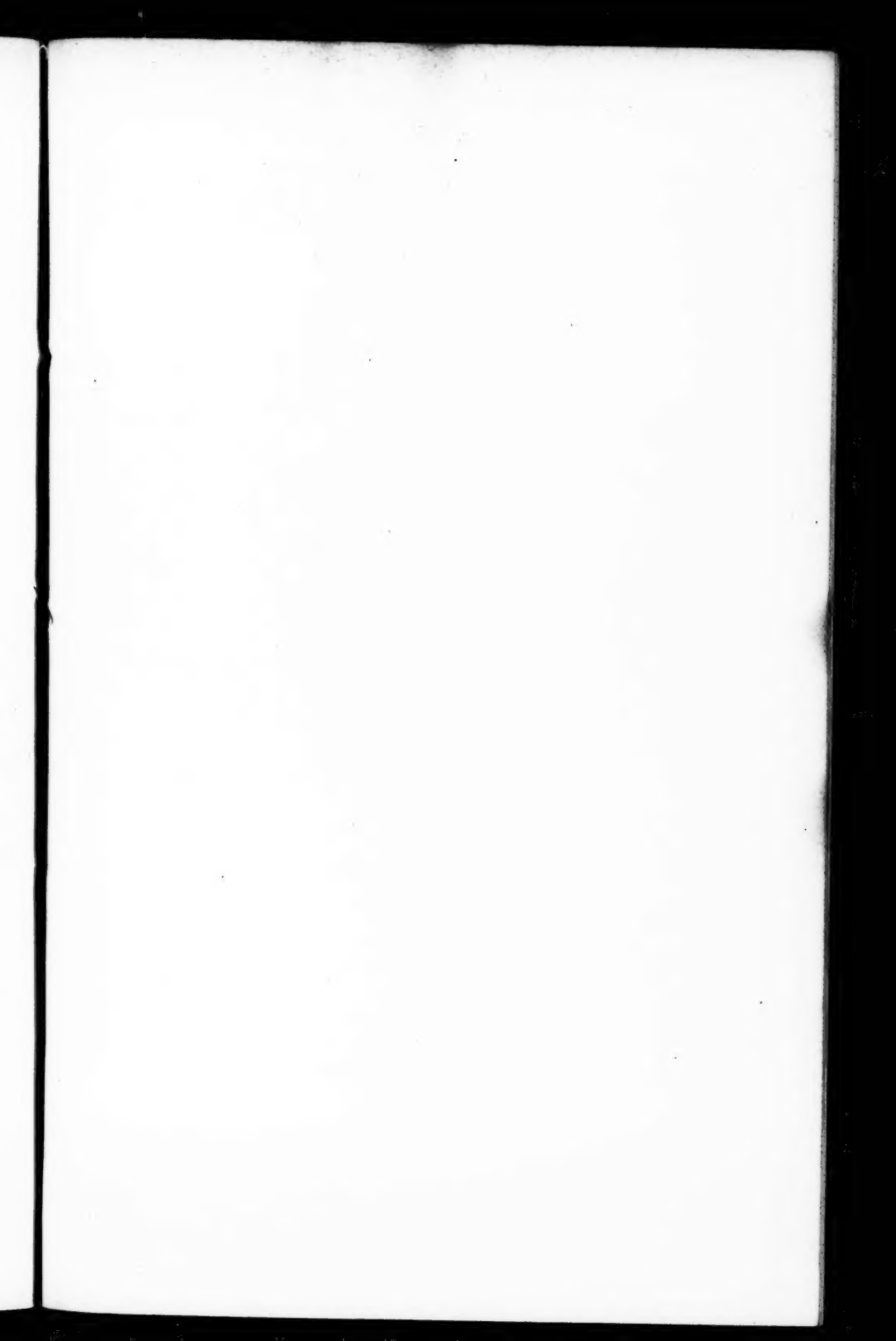
PAGE.—What is the derivation of this word? In the *Dictionary of Greek and Roman Antiquities*, edited by Dr. W. Smith, 1st edit. p. 679, it is said to be from the Greek παιδαγωγός (*pedagogos*). But in an edition of Tacitus, with Notes by Boxhorn (Amsterdam, 1662), it is curiously identified with the word *boy*, and traced to an eastern source thus:—Persian, *bagoa*; Polish, *pokoigo*; Old German, *pagie*, *bagh*, *bai*; then the Welsh, *bachgen*; French, *page*; English, *boy*, and Greek, *παῖς*.

Some of your correspondents may be able to inform me which is correct.—*Notes and Queries*.

CAPITAL EMPLOYED IN TRADE IN QUEEN ANNE'S REIGN.—"Our foreign trade for forty years last past, in the judgment of the most intelligent persons, has been managed by a stock not less than four, and not exceeding eight millions, with which last sum they think it is driven at this time; and that it cannot be carried much farther, unless our merchants shall endeavor to open a trade to Terra Australis Incognita, or some place that would be equivalent."—*Guardian*, No. 76.

ANTICIPATORY USE OF THE CROSS.—It is strange, yet well authenticated, and has given rise to many theories, that the symbol of the Cross was already known to the Indians before the arrival of Cortez. In the island of Cozumel, near Yucatan, there were several; and in Yucatan itself there was a stone cross. And there an Indian, considered a prophet amongst his countrymen, had declared that a nation bearing the same as a symbol should arrive from a distant country! More extraordinary still was a temple, dedicated to the Holy Cross by the Toltec nation in the city of Cholula. Near Tulansingo there is also a cross engraved on a rock with various characters, which the Indians by tradition ascribe to the Apostle St. Thomas. In Oajaca, also, there existed a cross, which the Indians from immemorial had been accustomed to consider as a divine symbol. By order of the Bishop Cervantes it was placed in a sumptuous chapel in the cathedral. Information concerning its discovery, together with a small cup, cut out of its wood, was sent to Rome to Paul V.; who received it on his knees, singing the hymn "Vexilla regis," &c.—*Life in Mexico*, by Madame Calderon de la Barca.

LIQUID INDIA-RUBBER.—A correspondent of a New York paper, writing from Para, in Brazil, says: "There is a method in preparing the gum which has recently been patented, and which differs essentially from the usual curdling. The milk, as drawn from the tree, is put into large glass bottles and demijohns; a preparation of chemical nature, which is a secret, is mixed with the milk, and the bottles are securely sealed. In this way the gum is sent to the United States. It curdles twenty-four hours after exposure to the air, and forms a pure, white, solid, and remarkably strong rubber. There is only one house in Para which has the secret of this receipt, as I learn, and a member of the firm gives his personal attention to the preparation of the article, some thousands of miles in the interior of the country."





From the life in 1832 by F. Meyer

Engraved by Frederick Taylor

The Maid of Athens

STATE OF ATHENS I AM GONE
THINE OF ME COMETH WHEN I GO
THOUGH I FLY TO ISLANDS
ATHENS HOLDS MY HEART AND SOUL

